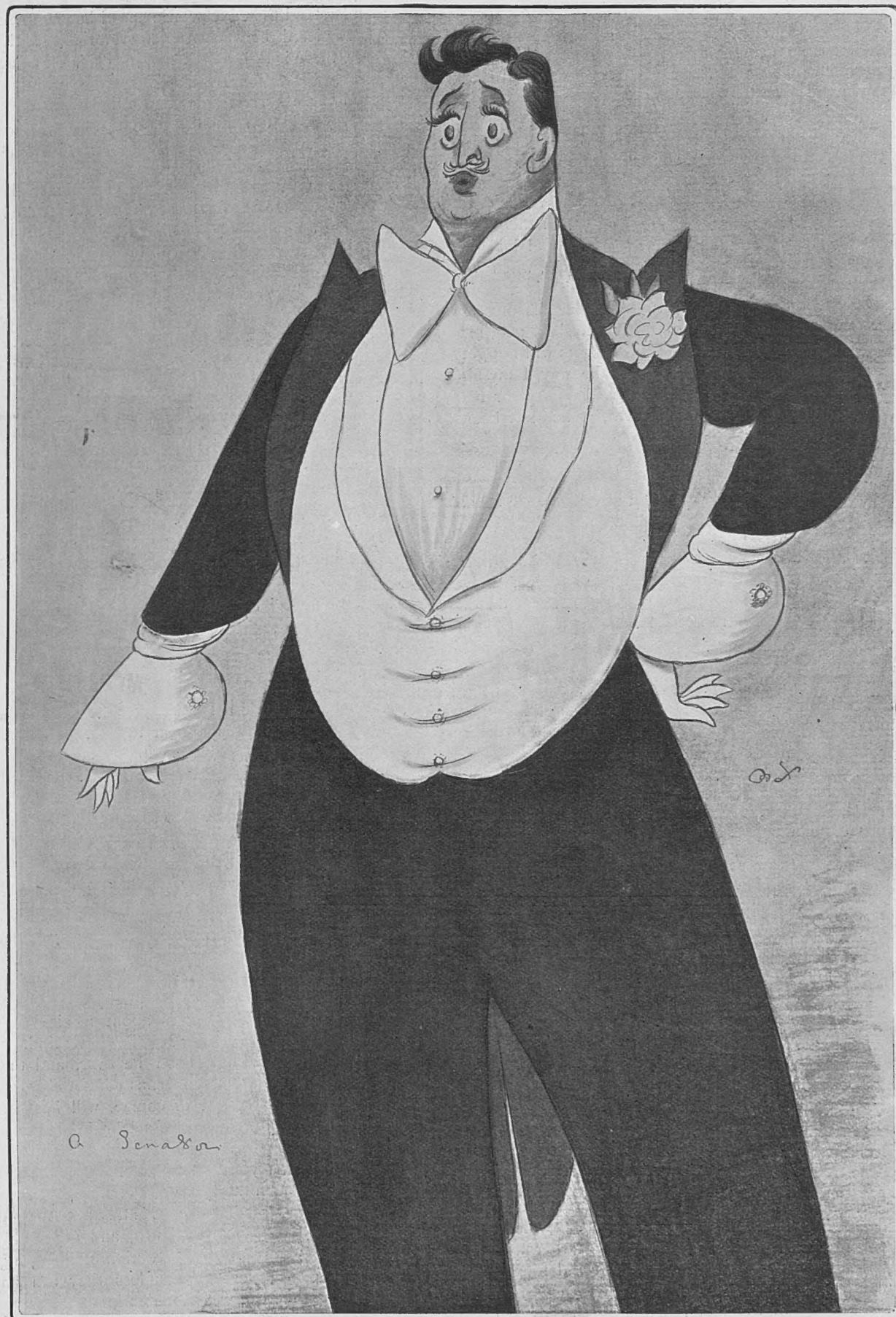


The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1903.

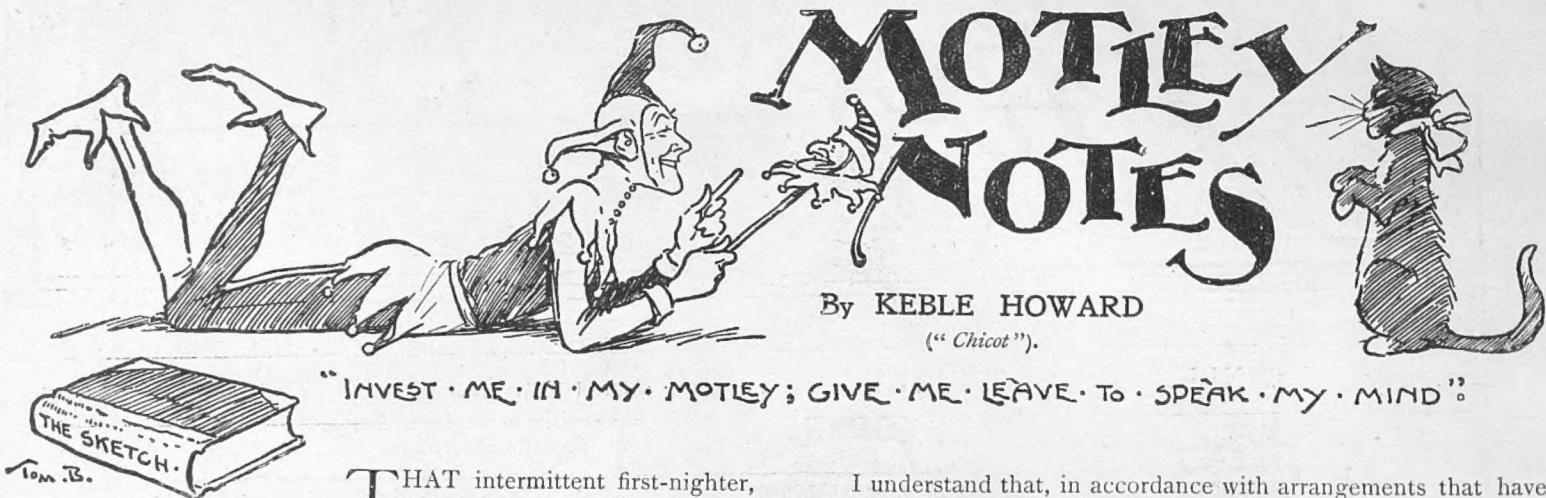
SIXPENCE.



MR. CLAUDE LOWTHER, M.P., AUTHOR OF "THE GORDIAN KNOT," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

(See "Heard in the Green-Room.")

A KIND CARICATURE BY MAX BEERBOHM.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"'

THAT intermittent first-nighter, Mr. A. B. Walkley, must be almost tired of seeing his name in print. No sooner had Messrs. Bourchier and Jones finished making use of him than Mr. Martin Harvey, with all the imperiousness of a Napoleon, refused to sell him a seat for the first performance of "The Exile." In neither case did Mr. Walkley miss very much. "Whitewashing Julia," however, is a workmanlike play, whilst "The Exile" is amateurish to a degree. If it succeeds, the success will be entirely due to the admirable performance of Mr. Martin Harvey, and not to the fact that Mr. Walkley did not see it. I mention this because, so superstitious are theatrical folk, the Managers may get it into their heads that it is bad luck to let Mr. Walkley attend their first-nights. So it is, of course, when the play is a poor one; very bad luck. Even when the play is a good one, it is a little difficult to discover whether Mr. Walkley is recommending it or not. However, he is always vastly amusing, and, for the sake of the public, therefore, I trust that the Managers will not get into the habit of refusing his little cheques. By the way, I myself managed to win where Mr. Walkley lost; I paid sixpence for my programme at the Royalty, and, up to the present, it has not been returned.

Sir Henry Irving did well to poke fun at the legislators who desire to prevent the employment in theatres of children under fourteen years of age. I am not quite sure whether these people base their objection upon social or physical grounds; in either case, their attitude betrays an ignorance of the matter that is deplorable. Even supposing that life behind the scenes were as immoral as some people imagine, surely a child of fourteen is more likely to be contaminated than a child of eight. Again, employment in a theatre necessitates that a child shall be kept clean and well-fed; every manager insists upon that. I should like to have shown these misguided agitators the children's room at Drury Lane, and the crowd of healthy, happy little folk who, during the run of the annual pantomime, are not only taught to dance, but are also taught to read and write and add up their wages. And I should like to have taken them behind the scenes during the run of "Blue-bell" at the Vaudeville, and to have let them mingle among the rabbits, and birds, and frogs, and all the other merry little people. I warrant that they would have hesitated before trying to drive these children from the light and cleanliness of the theatre into the darkness and filth of the surrounding streets.

My colleague, Mr. S. L. Bensusan, whose delightfully "Fresh Leaves from a Moorish Garden" are appearing week by week in *The Sketch*, has been wicked enough to forward me a real pair of Moorish slippers. "When you get used to them," he writes, "they are the most comfortable slippers in the world." Without any desire to seem ungrateful, I must protest that it is trying work getting used to them. One is not allowed, of course, to put them on in the ordinary way. The heels must always be down-trodden, and thus it follows that, to keep the things on, one must shuffle across the floor after the manner of the drunken father in the melodrama. Even then, they are so roomy that I frequently find them flying off my feet and travelling rapidly across the floor in front of me. The soles are made up of seven thicknesses; one could walk to Brighton on them every day and never wear them out. As for the colour, that is bright red, with a delicate pale-blue lapel somewhere about the instep. My housekeeper, I fear, has already taken a violent dislike to them. I find the poor things stuffed away in the oddest nooks and corners. A rather nervous man, too, who called round to see me one evening and found me wearing the slippers, scampered downstairs like a chased cat and has not been near me since. Still, the fact remains that they are real Moorish slippers, all the way from Morocco.

I understand that, in accordance with arrangements that have just been completed between the Government and the Clerk of the Weather, there is to be a burst of sunshine in June of not less than ten minutes' duration. Further, we are to have a whole fine day in July, and three very fair days in August. Rain will fall on all the other days, and on Whit-Monday and the August Bank Holiday there will be severe thunder-storms. Large quantities of fog are to be delivered in London during the months of September, October, and November. An east wind of extraordinary keenness will blow throughout the whole of December. . . . There! Now that I have made these announcements, I hope the papers will find it unnecessary to assure us, daily, that there will be no improvement in the weather. Surely it is sufficiently depressing to awake to a morning of rain and darkness, without being told, in the most emphatic manner, that there are no brighter days in store. It is quite correct for the newspapers to talk about the weather, but they should take care to euphemise on the subject. It is not at all clever to say that there will be rain all the time. Any office-boy could do that.

It has always been a hobby of mine to study the characters of barbers. A barber, more than any other man with whom one is brought into contact, reveals his inner nature at every turn. The sweep of the brush over the chin, the handling or non-handling of the nose, the manipulation of the razor—all these things are unfailing indications of the barber's character. One man by whom I am sometimes shaved is a poet. He is a large man and rather inclined to puff, but, for all that, he has the poetic soul. Sometimes I wish that he was just a commonplace Cockney; when he is thinking out a knotty point in the way of rhyming, for example, there is an air of abstraction about him that is apt to be alarming. He is inclined to make the same remark about the weather several times over. On one occasion, I remember, he went on saturating my face with bay-rum until I came near to being drowned. After any such little lapse, however, he always expresses deep contrition, the more so as I am rather a favourite customer of his. Our friendship dates from the day when he discovered that I, too, was "a bit in the writing way." I had a very close shave that day, I can assure you.

Before buying your motor-car, impatient reader, you will do well to glance at a picture on page 157 of this issue. There you will see Mr. S. F. Cody, brother of the redoubtable "Buffalo Bill," gracefully sailing through space with the aid of a kite invented by himself. Note, I beg of you, the unstudied ease of his position; mark, I entreat you, the comparative simplicity of the apparatus. Can you deny that there are advantages about a kite which will never be obtainable in a mere motor? To my mind, it is quite evident that the motor craze will soon be over, and that we shall all be sailing through the air as easily, as comfortably, and as picturesquely as Mr. Cody. *The Sketch*, of course, will keep pace with the new pastime by taking photographs of celebrities in mid-air. "Mr. Balfour in his aéroplane," "Mr. Chamberlain at an altitude of two thousand feet," "Mrs. Langtry and Company flying home from America": our pages will rustle with the soft whirr of distinguished wings. We shall also escape, thank goodness, all this talk about speed-limit. There is always room at the top, you know, and anyone who is afraid of a collision will simply take the precaution of flying higher. As for the people who cannot be happy unless they can go one better than anyone else, I think we may confidently anticipate that they will fly up and up until they are out of sight. So, with the aid of the simple kite, shall we attain the Millennium.



THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



Herr Schlamp and his Niersteiner—The Ignorance of British Wine-drinkers—Their Only Protection.

HEERR SCHLAMP, who doctored his Niersteiner wine with a variety of nasty mixtures, put water in to weaken it, and ammonia in to strengthen it, ought to have spelt his name without the "h" and the "l." His own Government has punished him very severely, but the penalties he has to pay are nothing to what the wine-growers and shippers of the Rhine country would have inflicted on him had he been left to their justice. The respectable wine-maker never shuts his doors against people who want to see how the wine is made, and there is no one whom the great firms at Rheims, Jerez, Oporto, Coblenz, or Funchal are more glad to see than the intelligent Briton who wants to

cellar; but, for a variety of reasons, some of them absolutely good ones, the wine-merchants prefer to import wines in casks, and they go out to the consumer with the wine-merchant's guarantee instead of the wine-maker's. This, however, gives the dishonest British trader an advantage over the honest one, and Germany is not the only country where strange mixtures are made. The champagne-makers of Rheims have this advantage over other pressers of the grape, that they send out all their wines under their own mark and with their own label, and the man who asks a wine-merchant for a champagne of a particular *cuvée*, of a particular house, of a particular year, knows exactly what he will get. In port, he also, if he can afford to pay a comparatively large price, will get a wine with a traceable history, and this is also the case with Madeiras; but in most other wines, if he is not a real connoisseur, he is at his wine-merchant's mercy, and if he happens to buy in the cheapest market, from firms who have no reputation to keep up, he is likely to find very little of that quality.

Most Rhine and Moselle wines are named after the mountains and towns near which the vineyards are situated, and the cockney tourist who, going up the Rhine and looking at the name-boards at the landing-stages, said that the trip was something like reading the wine-list of a restaurant, only expressed the general ignorance of the history

Mr. Crichton. Sir E. Ruggles-Brise. Lord Ribblesdale. Commander Godfrey-Faussett.
Mr. Quilter. The Prince of Wales. Lady Cynthia Graham. Lady Ribblesdale. Lady Lamington. Lord Herries. Lord Falmouth.



Lady Falmouth. Prince Alexander of Teck. Lord Wenlock. Lady Wenlock. The Princess of Wales. Lady Herries. Lady Edward Cecil.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO HULL: THE HOUSE-PARTY AT ESCRICK PARK.

Photograph by Lane-Smith, Lendal, York.

see how the wine he drinks is made. Experience, the gift of taste, the capital to buy, and the goodwill of the vineyard proprietors are the important qualifications of the men who make the best wines in all parts of the world, and, though at Rheims each firm keeps the exact quantities of the ingredients of the liqueur added to the wine as the secret of the firm, they will all gladly explain what the liqueur is and show that it is made of the purest liquids and sugars. Wine-making really has no secrets, and the best grapes make the best wine. The respectable wine-makers and wine-sellers find their worst enemies, perhaps, in the scamps of their trades; but the appalling ignorance of the British consumer, and his desire to pay as little as possible for what he drinks, help the scamps and handicap the honest men. I am afraid that Clubmen are nearly as ignorant as the people who do not belong to Clubs, and are often quite happy if the label on the outside of the bottle sets forth the name of the wine they have asked for, independently of what the taste of the liquid is. It has become the fashion for doctors to advise their gouty patients to drink a little Moselle wine at lunch and dinner, and light Moselle has poured into this country; but if the doctors only tasted what some of their customers drink as Zeltinger, a thin, acid liquid, with a gorgeous label but no maker's name on it, they would be horrified. The man who drinks it has bought it at a price at which a really sound wine could not be procured, and fancies that he is benefitting his health until he has a fit of colic and consults another specialist as to how to get rid of his new malady.

Every maker of good wine would like to bottle his wines, and would so be sure that the wine would reach the drinker as it leaves his

of wines. There is no inn in Germany that will not give the traveller Johannisberger if he asks for it, and if he is lucky he will get some of the wine that is grown in the vineyards round the town, which is a good, sound tipple, though vastly inferior to that of the Schloss; but there are other hills bearing the name of John besides the mountain on the Rhine, and the wine grown on them is just as much Johannisberger as is the precious vintage which few except Kings can afford to drink. I have no doubt that all the various brands of Berncastle Doctor are quite properly described as such, but the health-giving doctor varies immensely in strength, and at one establishment one finds a wine under that name which is as heady as Burgundy, and at another a fluid which can be drunk almost as freely as though it were cider.

Of course, a man with a keen taste for wine can pick up bargains now and again in England, but not one in a thousand of men who are accustomed to drink wine will place in their proper order of excellence six glasses of different brands of any wine given him with no hint as to their history, and the only way by which the ordinary man can protect himself from such scoundrels as Herr Schlamp is to insist on the Rhine or Moselle wines he buys having the name of a respectable maker on the labels, or to buy them from a wine-merchant whose name is a guarantee that they are what the label describes them to be, and in either case he must be prepared to pay a reasonable price for them. The man who expects to buy a pint of good foreign wine for tenpence had far better purchase a good pint of beer for far less.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

MR. FREDERIC GRIFFITH, solo-flautist at Covent Garden Opera, has, one regrets to learn, been in indifferent health for some weeks past; although he is improving rapidly, it has been thought necessary that he should take a further spell of rest. He hopes, however, later on, to give a series of recitals for flute and pianoforte, a form of work in which he has already been for some time distinguished.

Miss Alice Venning made her appearance at the Bechstein Hall during the week and demonstrated that she is an artist with a very sweet and clear soprano voice. She sang Buononcini's "Per la Gloria" and Mozart's "Deh vieni, non tardar" very charmingly. Among other works which Miss Venning interpreted were Schumann's "Waldesgespräch" and "Roslein auf der Haide," being quite successful in both. Mr. Denham Price also contributed some songs, and Miss Edie Reynolds played some violin solos. Mr. F. A. Sewell was the accompanist.

At the second performance of "Lohengrin" at Covent Garden, the improvement in the chorus was most marked. Their numbers seemed to have been decreased, but both their acting and their singing were quite noticeably good, and prejudice in such a respect is not easily conquered. Frau Knupfer Egli was the Elsa on this occasion, and was certainly good, though her performance was not altogether—shall one say?—fascinating. Herr Kraus was again the Lohengrin. Fräulein Reinald was the Ortrud and gave an excellent reading of the rôle. Herr Müller was no less good as Telramund. The orchestra was under the baton of Herr Lohse, who conducted with all his usual insight and energy.

At the St. James's Hall, Miss Violet Sydney gave a concert on Wednesday afternoon, at which she was assisted by Miss Lilian Foulis and Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus. Miss Sydney has a rich contralto voice, but in her singing of Gluck's "Che faro" she did not display her talents to the best advantage, for, though this song is apparently an easy matter to conquer, it needs a great deal of actual dramatic as well as vocal art to bring out all its true significance. In her singing of Victor Massé's "Air de Pygmalion" she was heard to much greater advantage. Miss Foulis also played Sarasate's arrangement of a Nocturne by Chopin, and Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus in Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses" was, as always, interesting.

"CHICOT'S" NEW BOOK.

MRS. GRANT RICHARDS desires to announce that he is to-day (Wednesday) publishing a new humorous book by Keble Howard, entitled

"LOVE AND A COTTAGE."

This summer-day volume, which describes, in comedy vein, the adventures of a honeymoon couple, has been illustrated throughout by Mr. John Hassall, R.I., who is represented by upwards of sixty black-and-white drawings. Mr. Keble Howard will be remembered as the author of the "Letters to Dolly," which appeared serially in "The Sketch" over the signature "Chicot," and subsequently proved very popular in book form.

"LOVE AND A COTTAGE" is published at the price of 3s. 6d.; Post Free, 3s. 9d.

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The Editor is always open to consider short stories (three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, and illustrated articles of a topical or general nature. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles at a fixed rate.

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In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

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With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

Preliminary letters are not desired.

No use will be made of circular matter.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



THE Royal visit to Scotland seems to have been, from everything but the weather point of view, an unclouded success. The Heart of Midlothian beat true to its Sovereign and to his lovely Consort, and it is said that their Majesties were both so delighted with the warm and affectionate welcome they met with in Edinburgh that they intend to make an annual progress thither. One of the most interesting and picturesque of the many

minor functions which filled their historic week was when the King accepted an address from the Royal High School (among whose Governors, by the way, is that brilliant and lettered Scotchwoman, Miss Flora Stevenson, LL.D.), where His Majesty was for a time a student. In his reply, the Sovereign alluded to his connection with the famous old Edinburgh school, and his words recalled to many of those present the days spent by the then Prince of Wales in their midst.

To-day's Royal Function.

To-day (Wednesday) their Majesties will take part in a picturesque suburban function, the opening of Kew Bridge. They will drive from Buckingham Palace to what was once the Royal riverside suburb in semi-State, and

preparations have been made to decorate the route in an adequate manner. The old Royal Family, as Queen Victoria's uncles and aunts were styled, were devoted to Kew, and there George III. spent much of his sunless old age. Now the only Royal personage who has an active connection with Kew is the Duke of Cambridge, whose charming cottage there overlooks the famous Botanical Gardens and has often been the scene of important Royal gatherings, one of the most interesting having been that which took place there on the occasion of the Silver Wedding of the late Duke and Duchess of Teck, whose marriage took place in Kew Church.

The King and Ascot.

The King and Queen will have a large house-party at Windsor Castle for the Ascot week, leaving London on Saturday, May 30, to pass the Whitsuntide holidays at the Castle. The fourth Levée of the Season will be held after Whitsuntide, and the fifth after the Ascot week.

The King and the Marquis.

It was remarked that the Marquis de Montebello was not invited to any of the festivities in honour of King Edward in Paris. This was, no doubt, owing to the fact that the Marquis was not very popular with Queen Victoria when he was French Chargé d'Affaires in London. The Marquis used to give magnificent dinners, and had sent out the invitations for one when news arrived in London of the death of the Prince Imperial in Zululand. It was suggested that the Marquis should put off his dinner, but this he refused to do, much to the annoyance of Queen Victoria, who remarked, "The Marquis might have remembered how much his grandfather owed to Napoleon I., and have shown a little respect to the memory of the Emperor's great-nephew."



VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO EDINBURGH: THEIR MAJESTIES PROCEEDING TO HOLYROOD PALACE.

"B. of B." Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary for Scotland, who was the chief figure among the King's loyal subjects in the reception of their Majesties in the Northern Kingdom last week, is known to friends who like brevity as "B. of B." His figure is tall and bulky; he is clear-headed, methodical, and business-like; he is not an orator, but he is a model Chairman of Royal Commissions. Beginning as a Lord-in-Waiting, "B. of B." became Secretary to the Board of Trade in 1888, and he has held his present position since 1895. He has sometimes been named as a probable Viceroy of India or Governor-General of Canada. But what would Scotland do in his absence? The Scots have great faith in "B. of B."

Lord High Constable. The Earl of Erroll, who officiated at the ceremonies in Edinburgh, is Lord High Constable of Scotland.

This is the highest hereditary distinction in the United Kingdom after those enjoyed by the Royal Family. The present Earl is the nineteenth in the line, his patent dating from 1452. He is a good soldier; he served in South Africa, and is Assistant-Adjutant-General for Cavalry. His Scottish residence, Slains Castle, Aberdeenshire, stands on high cliffs sheer above the sea, near the famous Bullers of Buchan. The Great North of Scotland Railway Company have laid out a splendid golf-course and built a fine hotel on his estate at Cruden Bay, and many visitors from England have thus made acquaintance with his Castle.

The Lord Advocate. Mr. Graham Murray, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, who has formerly been a guest of the King at Balmoral, is a personal friend of the Prime Minister, with whom he was at Trinity College, Cambridge. His office is equivalent to that of the Attorney-General in England, but, as the Secretary for Scotland sits in the House of Lords, Mr. Graham Murray is the chief spokesman for his native country in the House of Commons. He is a good lawyer and a crisp though not a finished debater. Unlike some of his more distinguished predecessors, he never speaks except on Scottish questions. These he sometimes treats in a caustic spirit. Dull members may not like him, but he is a favourite of the smart set.

The Royal Betrothal. People were surprised to learn, by an announcement in the paper last week, that His Majesty is great-uncle to a very charming British-born Princess of whom the public knows little or nothing. Princess Alice of Battenberg, whose engagement to Prince Andrew of Greece has just been made public, is the grand-daughter of Queen Victoria's favourite child, Princess Alice, late Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt. The bride-elect's mother was Princess Victoria of Hesse-Darmstadt; her father, Prince Louis of Battenberg, has now been for many years one of the most distinguished officers in the

British Navy. The young Princess—she is only just eighteen—was actually born at Windsor Castle, and Her late Majesty was warmly attached to her. Her life has been a more interesting one than that



MISS CLOTILDE RUSSELL, ENGAGED TO MR. ERNEST GUINNESS.
Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

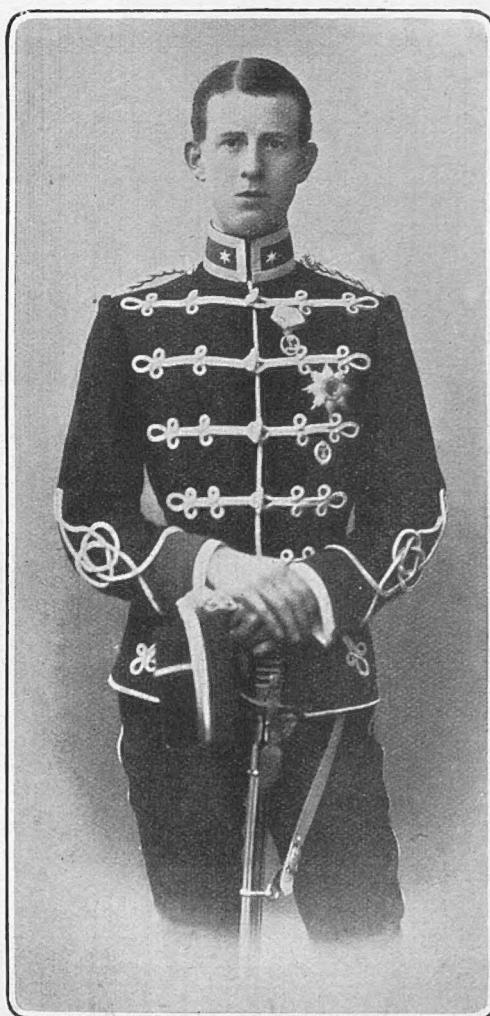
which generally falls to the lot of youthful Princesses, for Princess Louis of Battenberg elected to live as an ordinary naval officer's wife, and she and her children have accordingly travelled extensively—indeed, it is said that Princess Alice has been nicknamed by some of her cousins "The Mermaid," because of her constant and close association with the sea.

The Bridegroom-Elect. Prince Andrew of Greece, who is his parents' fourth son, has long been a favourite nephew of our gracious Queen, and his portrait occupies a prominent position in her boudoir at Sandringham. He is, like all the sons of the King of Greece, a very fine and cheery-looking young man. He met his pretty fiancée at the Coronation, and it is said to have been a case of love at first sight. It is an open secret that the course of true love did not in this case at first run smooth, for both the Prince and Princess are very young, and not over-blessed with this world's goods. However, all has now been arranged satisfactorily, and our Royal Family are celebrating the betrothal in the good old-fashioned way by giving a series of dinner-parties in honour of the happy couple. Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg own the splendid Castle of Heiligenberg, and there they often spend Prince Louis' leaves of absence.

Miss Russell, a Bride-Elect. Lord Iveagh will soon welcome two charming daughters-in-law into his family circle; the one is Lady Evelyn Erskine, Lord Buchan's youngest daughter, the other Miss Clotilde Russell, the pretty daughter of the late Sir George Russell of Swallowfield. Miss Russell comes of a distinguished Anglo-Indian family, and through her mother she is connected with the Duke of Richmond. Swallowfield Park is one of the most charming places near Reading, and there Miss Russell and her two brothers are very popular. It is expected that her marriage to Mr. Ernest Guinness, who is Lord Iveagh's second son, will take place towards the end of the Season.



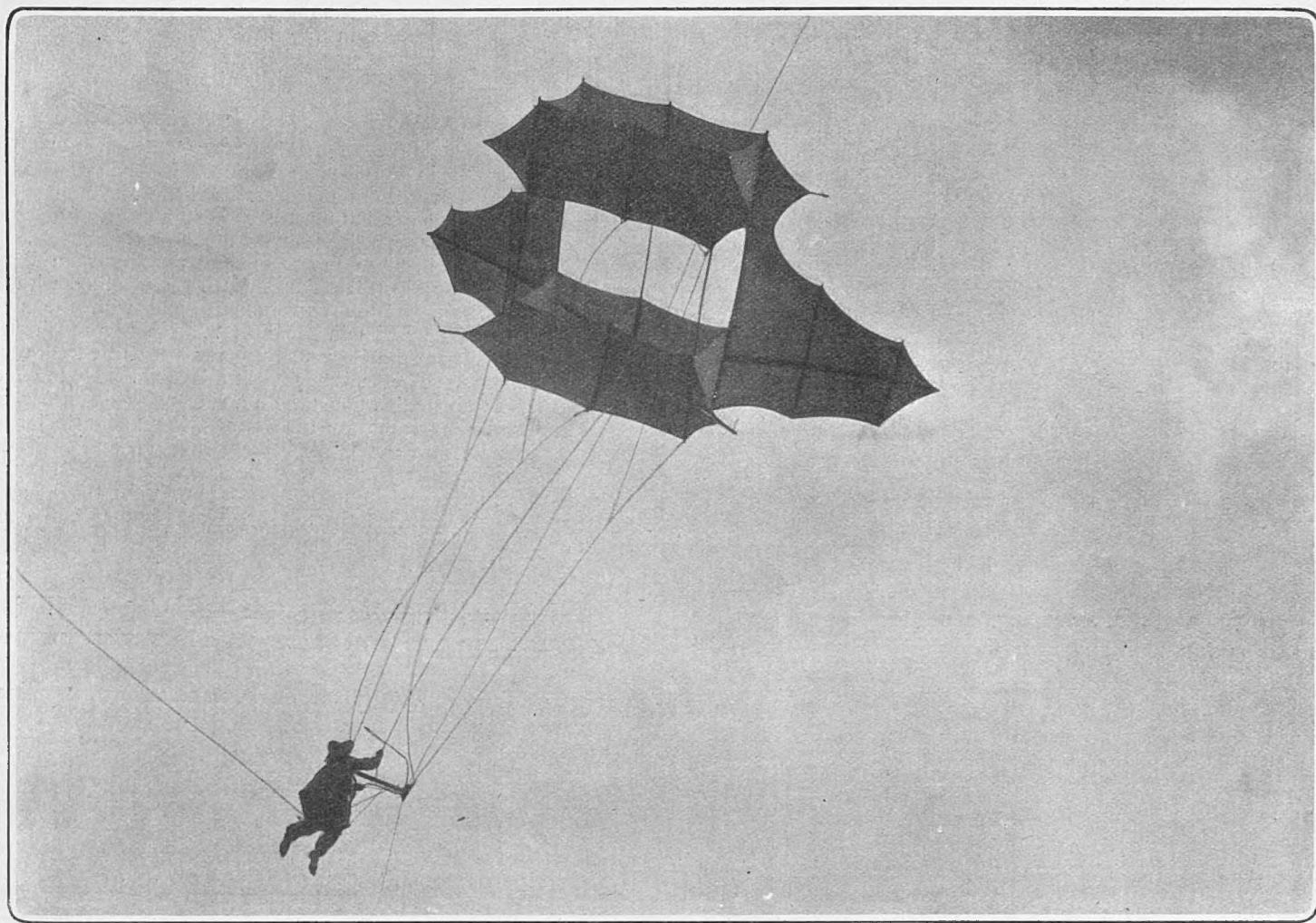
Photograph by W. and D. Downey.]



PRINCESS ALICE OF BATTENBERG AND PRINCE ANDREW OF GREECE, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED.

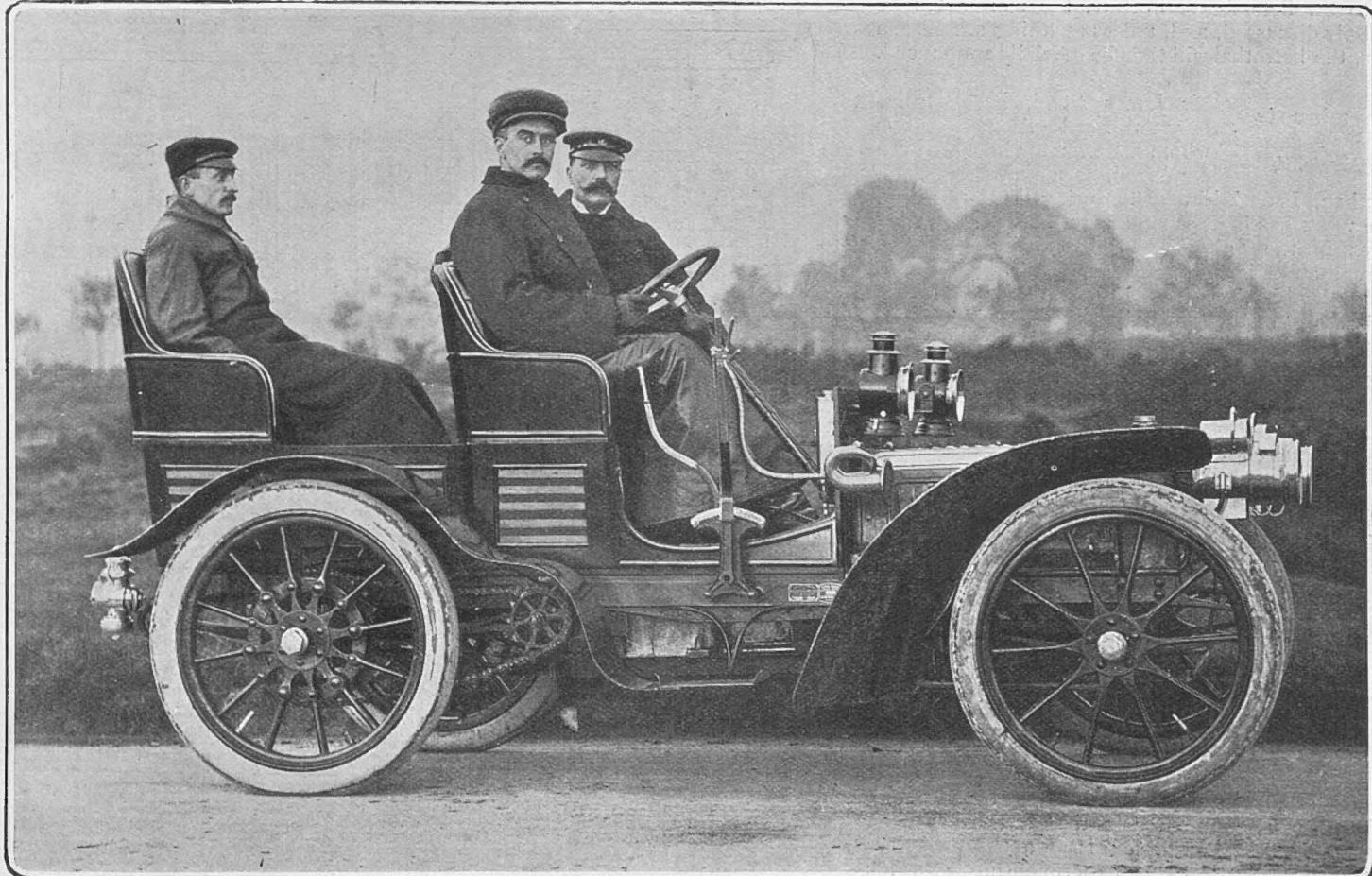
[Photograph by C. Boehringer.]

THE PROBLEM OF LOCOMOTION: TWO NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENTS.



MR. S. F. CODY, F.R.M.S., EXHIBITING HIS PATENT AÉROPLANE UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY AT PORTSMOUTH
(PHOTOGRAPHED ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED FEET UP).

(See Overleaf.)



Captain Deasy. Mr. Swindley.

A RECORD NON-STOP RUN FROM LONDON TO GLASGOW.

(See "The Man on the Car.")

Royal Visits.

The King has decidedly set the fashion in Royal visits this summer, for the next few months will be occupied by a continual interchange of compliments. King Edward himself will not go to Berlin this summer, but will journey to St. Petersburg directly by sea. The German Emperor has already been to Rome, and the next Sovereign to pay visits will probably be the aged King Christian of Denmark, who, as at present arranged, will go to Paris in the month of June to return the visit paid him by President Loubet on his return from his visit to the Czar at St. Petersburg. This, however, will depend on the King's health. President Loubet is expected in London in the second half of July, and during



MISS BILLIE BURKE, WHO SINGS "MY LITTLE CANOE" IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL."

Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.

his stay in England he will see a great Review of the British Fleet, in which French, Japanese, and Italian ships will also take part. After the Naval Review, the President will return to Cherbourg, escorted by the French Northern Squadron.

An Anglo-Russian Wedding.

When Queen Alexandra met her sister, the Empress-Dowager of Russia, at Copenhagen this spring, they discussed the idea of a marriage between the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich, the Czar's brother and heir, with the Princess Margaret, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Connaught. The young Princess is just twenty-one years of age, and the Grand Duke is twenty-five. When the King goes to St. Petersburg, in July, the matter will be more fully discussed, and, unless anything unforeseen occurs, the betrothal will then be officially announced.

Men whom the King has Honoured in Scotland.

Sir James Steel, Bart., Edinburgh's Lord Provost, upon whom a Baronetcy has just been conferred, is a native of Cambusnethan, Lanarkshire, who during the past thirty-seven years has built some of the finest streets and squares in the Scottish Capital, such as Douglas, Eglinton, and Glencairn Crescents, at the west end. He has also built many streets in the south and north of Edinburgh, and now ranks as the largest ratepayer in the town. Since his entry into the Town Council he has proved useful on many business Committees, and since 1900 he has filled the Civic Chair with ability and dignity, his advice on practical questions being much valued. Sir Robert Cranston, of the firm of Cranston and Elliot, Princes Street, was born in Edinburgh in 1843; he is the popular Colonel of the Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade and has acted as an able City Treasurer for some time. Sir James Guthrie, who was born in 1859, in Greenock, is the most outstanding of the artists belonging to the Glasgow School. His picture "The Highland Funeral" first arrested the attention of the public. In 1888 he was made an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy, in 1892 he was elected an Academician, and last year he was elected President of the Royal Scottish Academy.

The Cody Aéroplane.

It appears that at last a really practical and trustworthy kite for use in time of war has been discovered. Elsewhere in this issue a photograph is given of Mr. S. F. Cody experimenting with his patent aéroplane. The trial, which took place at Portsmouth, under the auspices of the British Admiralty, was a complete success.

Rome in May. Rome (writes my Correspondent) is once more herself. Gone are the tourists, gone the pilgrims, gone the guide-books. Even the multitudinous beggars are diminished in number. Swallows and swifts circle the sky in thousands. All is preparing for the heat of summer and a long season of arid air and lonely quietude. Permanent inhabitants of Rome are now looking out for summer quarters in the lovely hills which surround the Campagna. Villas and rooms are being taken in Frascati and Albano and other neighbouring villages and hamlets.

The Roman Forum. Commendatore Boni, the greatest Italian archæologist of modern days, has been making still further discoveries in the Roman Forum. I was in the Forum this morning when Signor Boni discovered a little skeleton of a child buried in the remains of what must have been a coffin of oak. Signor Boni is hard at work preparing a large volume on the recent researches in the Forum. It will form most excellent reading when it appears. Signor Boni is a universal favourite with all, alike with Kings, Emperors, Ministers of the Government, and with the numerous workmen employed by him in the Forum. He was much struck by the great versatility of the German Emperor, whom he took round the Forum last week. The Kaiser was at his best. He quoted long passages from the English poets (with a very marked German accent), found fault with the tardiness of the Germans in reading the inscriptions in excavations in Germany, praised this monument and criticised that, and was, in fact, entirely himself. The German Princes, says Signor Boni, are nice boys, but do not appear to have a quarter the amount of talent and energy of their father. Our King Signor Boni could only speak of with expressions of the greatest affection and admiration.

THE MOST POPULAR MELODY IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

"MY LITTLE CANOE": WORDS AND MUSIC BY LESLIE STUART.

This autograph extract is supplied exclusively to "The Sketch." The complete song will shortly be published by Messrs. Francis, Day, and Hunter.

The Viscountess Dupplin. Lady Dupplin, the daughter-in-law of Lord Kinnoull, who has the quaint Christian name of Luz, married the heir to all the Hay titles and dignities two years ago. Dupplin Castle, which now has for mistress the smart Countess of Kinnoull, who was Miss Mollie Darell, is a splendid place near Perth, and surrounded by one of the finest timbered estates in Scotland, the house standing in the centre of a star of avenues. Hitherto the Castle has been Lord and Lady Dupplin's only summer quarters; they have a pretty house in the West-End of London, and are very popular in the bright, smart section of *le monde où l'on s'amuse*.

Viscountess Churchill. Lady Churchill, like her clever and distinguished husband, has long been a favourite at Court. She was, before her marriage, Lady Verena Maud Lowther, and is a sister of Lord Lonsdale. She and Lord Churchill elected to be married on the New Year's Day of 1887, and, doubtless owing to the fact that the Dowager Lady Churchill was one of the most intimate friends of Queen Victoria, Her late Majesty showed great interest in the new Peeress, and became sponsor to both her children. Both Lord and Lady Churchill are high in the favour of the present Sovereign, and Lord Churchill was raised a step in the Peerage on the occasion of the Coronation. As might be expected in the sister of so distinguished a sportsman as Lord Lonsdale, Lady Churchill is a first-rate horsewoman. She is devoted to country life, and she is able to indulge her tastes, for she has two country homes, one being situated in the heart of the hunting country.

IN TOWN AGAIN:
SOME INTERESTING SOCIETY BEAUTIES.



VISCOUNTESS DUPPLIN, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF LORD KINNOULL.

Lady Howard of Glossop. Lady Howard of Glossop, who, perhaps, heads the group of Roman Catholic dames of high degree and great position, was before her marriage Miss Scott-Kerr. The Howards of Glossop are a branch of the Duke of Norfolk's family, and the present Peer's sisters are severally Lady Loudoun, Lady Herries, and Lady Bute. Lady Howard of Glossop, who was her husband's second wife, has a son and daughter of her own; she is much beloved in the neighbourhood of Glossop Hall, her husband's Derbyshire seat, and she is often in her native land, Scotland, Lord Howard of Glossop having there an estate situated in the most beautiful part of the north-western Highlands.

On the Charitable Fantastic Toe. The great Charity Fête of the Season has now been settled to take place on June 9. Instead of the Monster Bazaar, of which the whole world has become so weary, those who like to mingle charity and pleasure will be asked to patronise the largest dance ever given in the world, if the ball which took place in New York in honour of our King's visit there as a young man be excepted. The Albert Hall is to be the scene of this unique festivity, and it is asserted that some three thousand couples will be able to "take the floor" simultaneously. The great London hostesses have all been pressed into service, and the Countess of Derby is the moving spirit of the affair, which is to be held on behalf of the London Hospital. The tickets, which are to be a guinea each, include supper, an excellent arrangement; it is expected that many people will make up supper-parties in the private boxes, which are being lent for the occasion by their owners.



LADY HOWARD OF GLOSSOP.



LADY CHURCHILL, SISTER OF LORD LONSDALE.

A Strange Bird. The Hertfordshire police have just captured a noted character—namely, a poacher known far and wide as “Dicky-bird,” a name which he obtained through his skill in stealing the eggs of game-birds and eluding capture. Being small of stature and wearing clothes of greenish hue, he would creep through wood and copse undetected by the gamekeepers and watchers who at

surmounted by a white sailor-hat. The child Princess quickly mounted her horse and set off at the head of her attendants. For half-an-hour she trotted and galloped about the beautiful park, evidently enjoying herself immensely. Then, quitting her saddle, she stroked her little steed, which she rewarded with a few lumps of sugar, and, after a hand-shake with the Master and a graceful little bow, she re-entered her carriage and returned with her governess to the Marble Palace.



A STRANGE BIRD: INSPECTOR DOMINICK, OF THE HERTFORDSHIRE POLICE, CONVEYING
“DICKY-BIRD” TO PRISON.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

this season are specially retained to guard the fields and coverts, and, if met in the open and searched, he had always disposed of his spoils. His audacity was equal to his cleverness, for he has been known to go to pheasant-farmers and offer for two pounds cash down not to touch their eggs for the season, and, the bargain being made, has kept it. But the other day he made a mistake, being caught inside an enclosed pheasant-pen, and, when brought by Inspector Dominick before the Bench, his plea that he had taken nothing availed him not, for he was committed for three months.

The Polo Season. Those interested in polo, and they are increasing in number each year, look forward to a specially brilliant polo season, especially as the Roehampton Club have appointed that famous player and writer on polo, Captain E. D. Miller, D.S.O., as their representative upon the newly constructed Hurlingham Committee. It was at one time feared that the War would play havoc with what is essentially an officer's game, but polo proved itself able to survive this temporary disturbance. Both at Hurlingham and at Ranelagh great preparations have been made, and now polo-players are ardently hoping for a spell of really good, dry weather. Only experienced players know how much of their success or failure depends on the condition of the turf. If it be not smooth, springy, and level, the best players, or rather, their ponies, are at a terrible disadvantage. Both Hurlingham and Ranelagh are lucky in possessing a good water-supply, and, consequently, fine stretches of perfect turf.

An Emperor's Present. Princess Victoria Luise, who is now in her eleventh year, has been presented by her father, the German Emperor, with a pretty little chestnut horse (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). She may frequently be seen riding her new steed in the Wild Park near Potsdam. She is accompanied on these occasions by a Royal Master of Horse, a groom, and her governess. A few days ago, I was the fortunate witness of her equestrian exercises. At the gate of the Park the four horses were awaiting her little Royal Highness, who presently drove up in a carriage with her governess. She was clad in a dark-grey riding-dress, and her curly blonde hair was held up by a white silk band and

The Prince of Saxe-Meiningen. Great curiosity is manifested in Germany at the sudden departure from Breslau of the Hereditary Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Meiningen; the popular Commander of the Sixth Army Corps. It is universally believed that His Royal Highness has quarrelled with his Imperial brother-in-law. In recent months, the Prince has been prominently brought before the public by three proclamations—one by which Polish soldiers able to speak German are deprived of certain privileges if they employ their native tongue in private conversation, another on the evils of drunkenness in the Army, and a third against cruelty to privates by their superior officers. It is the last-named proclamation that is supposed to have aroused the anger of the Emperor, who is reported to disapprove strongly of the instruction that the proclamation shall be read in the presence of all officers three times a-year. According to one version, His Majesty actually sent a “blue letter”—that is, an abrupt dismissal—to the Prince. But the more probable account is that the Emperor demanded the withdrawal of the offending proclamation, and that the Prince met the demand by formally handing in his resignation. The Princess Charlotte was much affected by the sudden necessity of leaving Breslau, where, as the centre of all philanthropic movements, she was widely loved. She and her husband have retired for the present to Meiningen, where, by the way, the liberal-minded Duke has kept rigorously aloof from Berlin since the accession of the present Emperor. The cause of the coolness between the

Duke and His Majesty, although not known, is attributed to the Duke's action in the Lippe Regency dispute. But it is regretted the more, as the Duke is extremely popular, and a ruler whose enthusiasm in the cause of an united Germany is historic. It is believed that the Hereditary Prince will be succeeded as Commander of the Sixth Army Corps by the Duke Albrecht of Würtemberg.



“PHROSO'S” COUNTERPART: THE “MOTOGIRL” AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

Photograph by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

A Sad Spring. I have read in English journals that the season in the Rue de la Paix was a failure, and that workless *ouvriers* and *ouvrières* would soon be seen in the streets. (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). This is nonsense. It is the first season since the Transvaal War when Paris could be herself again, in company with her shortly-to-be sisters from England and her cousins from America, all anxious to buy till their breath ran out. No, the dressmakers and modistes have not suffered, and for the last six weeks Paris would have been a dream of butterfly-land if only frost and hail had not miscarried and fought for supremacy with torrential rain. But elsewhere the spring has been disastrous. It is pitiful to see the leafless trees on the boulevards and the anaemic-looking verdure in the Bois. The restaurants, the cafés, and the café-chantants in the Champs-Elysées and round the Lakes are deserted. The music of the Tziganes in the empty halls gives a final touch of gloom to the scene. But Paris is crammed, and the boulevards benefit where the *al-fresco* rendezvous sees blue ruin. Good weather for the Bataille des Fleurs, the big races at Auteuil, and the Grand Prix at Longchamp would, without doubt, do much to mend matters and tempers.

must have been annoyed, and protests against the justification of poaching, which is the curse of rural France.

Some Practical Judges. Automobilists the world over will congratulate the Paris Municipal Council on the very practical way they have adopted, at the invitation of the Automobile Club, to seriously consider the question of regulating speed. In certain squares automobiles are compelled to move at walking-pace, which they claim is dangerous in view of the cabs going full-tilt. The crawling time allowed in the Bois, they claim again, is sufficient to ruin a great industry. The Councillors boldly mounted the machines and were taken through Paris in its densest quarters at varying speeds and without a suspicion of an accident. I was in the Bois to see the racing and the exhibition of the power over the automobile. When a dummy human being was thrown before the automobile of Dr. Henri de Rothschild, going at ninety kilomètres an hour, the Doctor pulled it up in fifty mètres. The Councillors admit that there will be reasonable reforms. The only fear that I have is that, if an inch is given, an ell will be taken once they are outside



THE CZAR AND CZARINA IN BOYAR COSTUME.

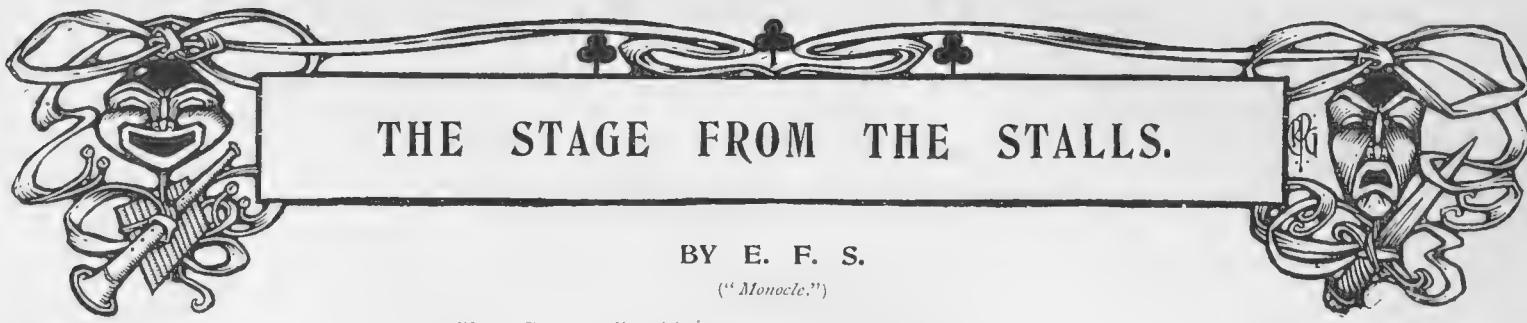
Photographs by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

New Play at the Nouveautés. It is apparent that M. Michaud will attempt another summer season at the Nouveautés. He has been remarkably fortunate in recent years, and, with a monopoly of farcical comedy, has done very well with the foreign tourists. "Maitre Nitouche," by Desvallières and Antony Mars, has little promise of success. The scene of a notary on the verge of marriage attempting to drive off two flames of younger days, who are by no means inclined to accept the "throw-over," is an incident covered with lichen and ivy. The more one tries to change it the more it resembles old situations. It is fair to say that there was one scene of exceptional drollery which was convulsive. Everyone is in a Gaming Club when the police make a raid. In an instant the tables and counters disappear through the floor, and the whole place becomes a hospital, with strange patients groaning in imaginary agony. The acting was not good, and the authors were poorly served when they required every nerve strained in their interest.

The Royal Visit: An Error. If consulted, I suppose that His Majesty would be the first to support the Saint-Hubert Club de France in the protest they make against the Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest for the way in which the menu for the King's departure dinner at Cherbourg was framed. It included partridges, and partridges are in the close season. The Club, not unnaturally, considers that such a perfect sportsman as the King

Paris. The road to Versailles is a burial-ground for cyclists and pedestrians, and cabmen do not care for the job to drive out. Round Dieppe, Tréport, Deauville, and Cabourg a country walk is a mixed pleasure and an incessant anxiety.

Imperial Court Revels. The splendid Fancy-dress Ball at the Russian Court seems to have been held at the special wish of the beautiful young Empress, who is an enthusiastic student of history, and especially of that period which just preceded the reign of Peter the Great. Both their Imperial Majesties threw themselves into the question of what were the right historical costumes with the greatest enthusiasm, and it may be doubted if the Czarina will ever again look so lovely as when she appeared before her assembled Court in a marvellous gold brocade and diamond-studded costume, copied from an old picture of the Empress Maria Iljinischna. The Empress, who is more than common tall and slender, never looks to such advantage as when wearing one of the stiff and gorgeous mediæval Russian gowns and Court-mantles. The Czar, who also looks remarkably well in any form of fancy-dress, had taken the greatest pains to ensure the absolute correctness of his costume, which was that generally worn by the Czar Alexei, Peter the Great's predecessor, and included a long coat, or caftan, literally covered with priceless gems set in the finest Byzantine filigree-work.



“THE CRITICS,” “THE GODS,” AND “MRS. GORRINGE.”

ALTHOUGH the case of the *Western Morning News* has attracted much attention, it cannot be said in any respect to have modified the law; and, indeed, I may say that some months ago in this article I predicted correctly the result of the Appeal. Yet for a little while doubt was felt in the Temple, since some fancied that the very able speech of Mr. Clavell Salter for the defence had moved the Court. It would have been a great calamity if Mr. Salter had been successful, though to the Bar, which is moaning even more bitterly than usual about the scarcity of work, the shoal of actions given birth to by a failure of the Appeal would have been most welcome. For if authors, managers, and actors were found to be entitled to appeal to a Jury, in most cases composed of commercial men presided over by Judges who pretend—and often on good grounds—to be ignorant of the world outside the Courts, concerning the correctness of criticisms, our occupations would be gone. An appeal to Philip drunk from Philip sober is too great a privilege for those beyond the footlights. A suggestion made in a *Westminster Gazette* that managers may cease to invite the dramatic critics, on the assumption that uninvited criticism has less protection from the law than that of those to whom seats, or, to be accurate, a seat is sent, is not likely to be followed: for, to quote Lord Esher's words in “*Merivale v. Carson*,” “in the case of a criticism upon a published work, every person in the kingdom is entitled to do, and is forbidden to do, exactly the same things,” and this, of course, applies to an acted play. In fact, if the matter is one of public interest, every citizen is entitled to make fair comment, written or spoken, on it, and the professional critic has no greater and no less right than the amateur. Theatrical entertainments to which the public is invited are deemed to be matters of public interest, and so the right to criticism arises. No doubt, a great many so-called entertainments are not a matter of public *interest* at all; but a plaintiff could hardly plead that the work criticised was not interesting and therefore not subject to criticism: he would fail, like the man who, when charged with selling tobacco without a licence, pleaded that his “High-Class Dubec Cigarettes” contained no tobacco at all. So books, plays, music, pictures, and the like will continue to be dealt with by the professional critics, and the professional critics will still be criticised by the amateur critics, and stagnation or retrogression will be hindered and even some progress made.

Some of the unprofessional critics have been behaving vigorously of late. The authors of “*The Exile*” and of “*Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace*” on the first-nights met with a show of hostility from the gallery—or some persons in it—that surprised the rest of the house, and, so far as harshness is concerned, was but mildly echoed by the professional critics. It may be that there was a misunderstanding, and that the galleryites were calling attention to some grievance, to one of the discomforts, concerning which Mr. Carl Hentschel read an interesting paper to the O. P. Club; but if this be the case, the authors were hardly used. Of course, inarticulate criticism cannot be nicely discriminating, and the “boos” and hisses may resemble that form of imperfection of expression of ideas from which, according to a humorous suggestion of Mr. Andrew Lang, those ghosts suffer who drive a coach-and-four round a haunted castle as their best mode of indicating that lost title-deeds are hidden under the floor of a room on the fourth floor, or perform other apparently irrelevant acts. Such a kind of aphasia—the word, I think, used by Mr. Lang—is calamitous. Some encouragement should be given to young authors like Mr. H. H. Davies, who, although his play, “*Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace*,” is no masterpiece, at least shows great promise and, in a way, too much performance, since we are in some danger of suffering from the defects of his qualities and getting from him a humbler class of work than that which he is capable of writing. Like Mr. George Bancroft, and, in fact, like most writers at the beginning of their career—take Mr. Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones as cases in point—Mr. Davies starts with the undesirably artificial, the unnecessarily stagey, and it is somewhat disquieting to see how skilful he is in using it. However, it is surprising to find the gallery objecting to the theatricality of a clever, effective piece like the new play at Wyndham's, and apparently to the untheatricality of a clever but ineffective drama such as “*The Exile*,” for it may be said that, to some extent, in point of qualities—not quality—each play is the complement of the other. Of course, the gallery may have grown nicely discriminating. At this time, when “alarms and excursions,” exclusions and correspondence, seem almost normally to attend each *première*, it may be that some of the unadmitted critics conceal themselves in the gallery. Can it be that “X. X. W.” was among the gods, and, smitten with aphasia, booed the authors of “*The Exile*” because Mr. Martin Harvey would not let the *Times*

pay for his seats? Of course, it is very dignified on the part of the *Times* to insist on paying for the seats, and its circular on the topic is almost worthy of the gentlemen who confer lustre on the organ of Printing House Square by the advertisements of the Encyclopædia; but the big question of the rights and duties of criticism comes to quaint insignificance on this topic of payment which prevented the readers of the *Times* from having the pleasure of a brilliant criticism on the play concerning Napoleon. Has there likewise been trouble—that will fill a column or so of the *Times* with correspondence—concerning some critic and Wyndham's Theatre, and did he hide himself in the gallery and howl at Mr. Davies because he had a grievance against someone else? According to Mr. Hentschel, the galleries at many theatres are very uncomfortable, yet he does not mention the Royalty or Wyndham's, and I have no knowledge on the subject or reason to suppose that they are not as good, to the playgoers, as the galleries at the Lyric, Drury Lane, the Strand, St. James's, and the Apollo, which he selects for particular praise. That some of the galleries are unreasonably uncomfortable seems probable, for, since the stalls at many theatres are abominable, one may assume that a much cheaper part of the house will not consist of beds of roses. Indeed, if it be just to make a kind of rule-of-three sum between the price and quantum of comfort of the stalls and the price and presumed quantum of discomfort of the gallery, the people who demand severer treatment for brutal criminals than at present is awarded might be satisfied by having them condemned to do twelve hours in the gallery of the *** Theatre (the *** indicate no playhouse in particular). Some day, I suppose, a manager will perceive that playgoers prefer comfortable seats, reasonable space, and a good view of the stage to the most gorgeous decoration of the house and lavish expenditure on the *mise-en-scène*.

The reception of “*Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace*” by some of the critics as well as by the gallery was rather surprising. Very little time ago, the play would have been welcomed with enthusiasm and its very faults accepted as virtues; and, indeed, judging from the sounds in the house during the performance, one might have expected almost frantic applause. No doubt, it is not a critic's play. A bare statement that the tale concerns two men in love with one girl, that the favoured one steals a necklace, and the other, for the girl's sake, is willing to bear the blame, and that, in the end, the thief commits suicide in order to set the girl free, is sufficient to show that the main lines are old—so old that hardly any amount of originality in treatment could have caused it to appeal to the habitual playgoer. Yet Mr. Davies handled his comic scenes so cleverly as to win and deserve very hearty laughter. One felt disposed to say, “Bother the plot! Let us hear some more about Mrs. Jardine and Mrs. Gorringe and poor old Jardine, and let Miss Lettice Fairfax have another chance of giving a delicious laugh, and have the serious scenes played ‘off.’” Of course, one may not suggest this seriously, and yet, if, and I hope it will not be the case, the piece does not run well, I venture disrespectfully to advise a consideration of the question of giving a lighter turn to the theme, even if we are to lose Mr. Davies' really clever *coup-de-théâtre* in the mode of disclosing Isabel's marriage, a brilliant piece of workmanship for a beginner. Apparently, the truth is that the public gradually is showing signs of a cleavage, of a division into the entertainment-seeker and the playgoer, and that the latter is growing tired of mere cleverness: that, indeed, it would be possible to win a success with a play like “*The Good Fortune*,” if acted as at the Imperial, which, a few years ago, would have had no chance. If this be so, our authors new and old had better take care. The last two years or so have shown the failure, or comparative failure, of many pieces which a little earlier would have enjoyed success. The really amusing comic scenes of the new work would carry a more human theme to indisputable triumph or make the fortune of a farce or light comedy. Of course, aided by the admirable acting of the serious personages, they may enable the play to have a run, since “*Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace*,” if not a very thrilling work, makes a capital entertainment.

Miss Mary Moore played the part of Mrs. Gorringe with charming humour; indeed, she gave by far her best performance that I can recollect. Miss Marie Illington was full of rich fun—a little too common, perhaps, in some of her movements, but amply, strongly comic. Mr. Alfred Bishop presented an admirable little character-sketch: we wanted much more of him, and also of Miss Lettice Fairfax. Sir Charles Wyndham's part was of the familiar pattern, but not very well cut, and until the last Act even his skill left him less effective than usual. Mr. Faber acted cleverly. Miss Terry-Lewis had a hard task as Isabel, which she accomplished with much skill.



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME,

WHO HAS SCORED A DECIDED SUCCESS IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

A QUARTETTE OF DUSKY BEAUTIES PLAYING IN "IN DAHOMEY,"
THE NEW NEGRO MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE SHAFTESBURY.



MISS RHODA KING.



MISS JESSIE ELLIS.



MISS BIRDIE WILLIAMS



MISS IDA GIGAS.

Photographs by White, New York.

TWO SCENES FROM "IN DAHOMEY,"
THE NEW NEGRO MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE SHAFTESBURY.



A SONG AND DANCE: "BROADWAY IN DAHOMEY."



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT FOR THE CZAR OF DIXIE (MR. GEORGE WALKER).
Photographs by Hall, New York.

CANON KNOX-LITTLE,

THE MOST "MAGNETIC" PREACHER IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

WITHIN the cloistered walls of every grave Cathedral a magnificent and melancholy peace broods, and those who are brought into daily contact with it seem to breathe in some of its spirit, to the wonder, if not the bewilderment, of those who look on.

Such an impression is inevitable as one stands under the shadow of Worcester Cathedral, by the side of which the Severn flows on its course to the sea. Such an impression is inevitable, too, in the presence of Canon Knox-Little, though in his case, no doubt, the peace is that which passeth understanding, for it is a soul-attribute of the man, and has been a lifelong characteristic, born in part, no doubt, of piety and good deeds, as well as of a happy home-life and congenial study.

As he walks along the cloister which is his favourite place within the walls of The College, and communes with himself, he must often ponder on the contrasting events of his life with no little satisfaction to himself. Of no other man of our time could it possibly have been said that, "since the days of Savonarola no preacher has stirred society as this man does." Yet those words were used by one who has been described as a "very great layman" in speaking of the days when the Canon was living in Manchester, where he was Rector of St. Alban's, Cheetwood. At that time, the Dean invited him to preach in the Cathedral, and the spectacle—rare indeed—was witnessed of men struggling to gain admission into the place of worship in order to listen to the sermons of the man whose power to move multitudes shows no diminution though eighteen years have passed since he left St. Alban's in order to become the Vicar of Hoar Cross, a post he still holds in connection with the Canonry of Worcester, to which he had been appointed in 1881. Canon Knox-Little often preaches in London even now, and he has frequently been heard at St. Paul's during the Lent services; but this year he was invited to St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, the church where Professor Shuttleworth used to officiate, and it need hardly be said that it was crowded to its utmost capacity.

While all Manchester was crowding the Cathedral, those who were opposed to the Canon on the ground of his High Church propensities were endeavouring by every means in their power to put a stop to his appearance in the pulpit. Dr. Fraser, the then Bishop of Manchester, was even appealed to, and, though he was not a High Churchman himself, he knew good work for the Church when he saw it, and calmly told the objectors that it was not his business to interfere, and he supposed the Dean had invited the best preacher he knew. Some people even went so far as to suggest that the Canon should be prosecuted, and one of the leaders, accompanied by others of his opinion, actually went to Dr. Fraser with the suggestion. The Bishop was a blunt man, and when the request was made he simply said, "Get out, man; get out! Prosecute Knox-Little? Do you want to have all Lancashire on your back?" And that would undoubtedly have been the result of any such attempt at that time.

As the Canon pursues his walks along his favourite path, another strange but entirely personal experience must often occupy his thoughts, especially in the night, when his colour-loving eyes induce him to go out that they may feast on the fantastic moonlight effects of the cloister. In the days of long ago, there was a Minor Canon of the Cathedral whose name is unrecorded and whose identity is therefore unknown. For some reason he was compelled to leave the sacred precincts. When the time came for him to die, the one boon he craved was that he might be buried as near the entrance to the cloisters as was possible, and that on his tomb should be inscribed one word—"Miserrimus," for, "verily," said he, "I am the most wretched man in all the world." That wish was duly carried out, and the body of the unhappy Minor Canon sleeps at the entrance-gate,

which has taken its name from the one pathetic word that marks the resting-place of that poor soul.

It is difficult to speak of ghosts among ordinary people, for the subject is invariably greeted with a smile of incredulity. Still, walking along the cloister, Canon Knox-Little has seen a vision which he believes is the spirit of that most unhappy man. The worldly-wise have made the eloquent commentary, "Stomach," but they have not shaken the belief of the Canon, who has always recognised, and has even shown in his sermons, that there are more views than one on any given matter; and, though his own view naturally seems so certain to himself, he, unlike most men, does not assume, as one who wrote of him several years ago attested, that the people who do not agree with him are either knaves or fools, but "recognises that, in all probability, they have grounds for their opinions, albeit grounds which he feels to be insufficient."

It is strange to think that the extraordinary power of preaching extempore which the Canon possesses—and his addresses are all

made in that way, for, though he has thought over his subject, he never commits his thoughts to writing, but speaks them "straight on," with a moving eloquence which never halts for words—it seems strange that such a power should not have prompted him with its presence and that it should have been discovered merely by accident. It happened long ago, of course, when he was officiating one autumn Sunday for a friend in a country church. The light went quickly, and provision had not been made for any light by which the preacher could see to read the sermon which he had written out in accordance with his custom. The only thing to do was to preach without notes. That the young clergyman did, with such startling effect that the people were electrified. That single experience, however, was not enough to make him change his habit. Later on, however, he became the curate of Turweston, Buckinghamshire. There he found the people so opposed to the idea of their clergyman reading his sermon, as they imagined it might not be his own, that he began to preach to them without notes. The result was immediate. His church began to fill as it never had filled before, and in a little while he was invited to preach a sermon, "such as he preached to his own people," on some great occasion at which several dignitaries of the Church and State were present. After that, Fame flew through the land

trumpeting his power, and in a short time he became curate of St. Thomas's, Regent Street, and in 1874 he held the London Mission, at which he preached sermons at midnight and attracted a great deal of attention.

Nothing more typical of the man has ever been told than the story that, when he was in Manchester, he was often asked to go to see people who were not his parishioners. On one occasion, he had just gone for a holiday to the North of Scotland, but returned post-haste in order to attend the death-bed of a little shoebblack whom he had never seen, but who had asked for him as the only clergyman he wished to have with him.

During the War, it will be remembered, the Canon went out, as Chaplain, to join the forces under Lord Roberts, and several of his sons were there, too. When the Guards returned, Canon Knox-Little returned with them, and, in his khaki uniform, was at the head of the procession when they marched from Paddington.

The father of a large family, he is lucky in his sons, for, whenever they are away from home, they never fail to write every week, so that he is in constant touch with them as they are with the home which is to them more than a dwelling-place.

The Canon is a fine musician, playing the piano with more than the amateur's skill, and each of his sons plays a different instrument, so that they might almost be able to form a little band on their own account.



CANON KNOX-LITTLE PREPARING A SERMON.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XLIII.—CANON KNOX-LITTLE.



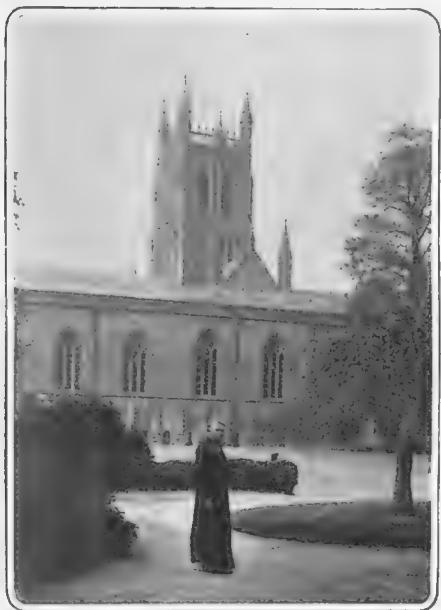
"WELCOME TO PEACEFUL WORCESTER!"



"FIRST LET US WALK THROUGH THE CLOISTERS."



"IT WAS HERE THAT I SAW THE GHOST OF MY PREDECESSOR, 'MISERRIMUS!'"



"THIS IS THE VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL THAT I GET FROM MY BEDROOM WINDOW."



"WHILST FROM HERE I LOOK DOWN INTO A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN THAT BELONGS TO MY NEIGHBOUR. I CALL IT 'NAROTH'S VINEYARD.'"



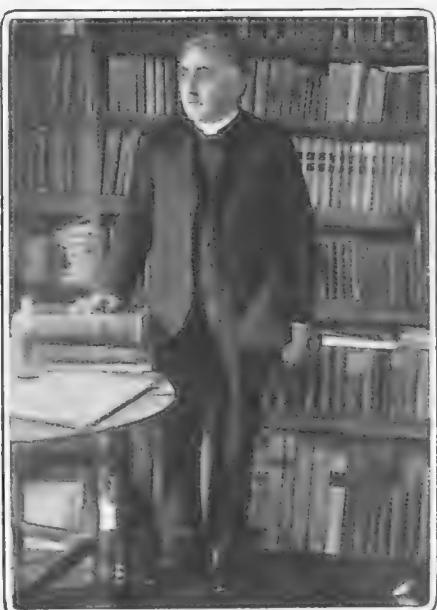
"I OUGHT NOT TO BE ENVIOUS, HOWEVER, FOR I HAVE A DELIGHTFUL GARDEN OF MY OWN."



"NOW FOR INDOORS. LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO SOME VERY DEAR FRIENDS."



"A STILL GREATER FRIEND IS MY PIANO."



"BUT MY BOOKS ARE THE BEST FRIENDS OF ALL."

FRESH LEAVES FROM A MOORISH GARDEN

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Illustrated by R. Forrest.

V.—IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

THERE was some excitement in the Market-place, for the camels had come in from the oases of Tafilalt and two couriers had arrived from Fez. Tall, lean, ill-favoured men, built for endurance rather than ornament, one *rekass* had arrived within two hours of the other, and gossip was busy with their news. Perhaps

because I have learned that truth does not frequent the Soko, cannot live in it even, I paid less attention to the men than the camels, who were looking superciliously around them, as though full of contemptuous wonder at the ways of men who travel from place to place for the sake of fruit and dried skins.

The sun was high up in the sky; flies and wasps settled in swarms upon every eatable thing; the sloping hillside was crowded with brown men and black, with goods on stalls and goods set upon the ground, hardware, tins, leather goods, fruit and vegetables, sweets, charcoal, a vast and varied collection. At intervals there were men in charge of little circular tables with a revolving

arch and a variety of



HE CALLED WITH A LOUD VOICE UPON THE PASSERS.

numbers; the natives put their money on a number, gave the arch a twist, and awaited the result, often with a pious "Mektub" by way of comment. In the booths round the Soko there was a better display of goods: cotton from Manchester, brass from Fez, leather from Marrakesh, and whisky—say the mark!—from Germany. This rare spirit was being retailed at sixpence a bottle, and its title, "Fine Old Highland Whisky," was far larger than the little acknowledgment of its birthplace.

It is contrary to the dictates of the Koran to drink or deal in whisky, but the pious Moslem has hit upon a plan by which he can cultivate or quench a thirst without offence. The stuff comes into the country with no more distinguished title than "dirty water" while it is passing the Customs. When it is admitted, the more attractive name is resumed; but by this time, doubtless, the Recording Angel has entered it as "dirty water" or "coloured water," and Morocco's reputation is saved.

Among the beggars by the gate called Bab-el-Marsa was one who attracted my sympathy more than any of his brethren. He had lost the sight of one eye and the use of one hand, his rags were scanty and tattered, and he called with a loud voice upon the passers, bidding men remember that Allah records the deeds of all who look with sympathy upon affliction.

I bade my attendant give him charity.

"Do not give, sir," said he.

"Why not?" I queried.

"That man, sir, have two houses of himself and two wives and two clocks, and he have many cows and a mule, all in the country, and he come in the town only to beg."

The beggar's solitary eye was bent upon my companion with no friendly expression.



* * *

Illustrated by R. Forrest.

V.—IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

In a side-street by the Soko an industrious Moor rolled a thin layer of sausage-meat round a metal skewer, and laid it across the bars of a charcoal-stove. When skewer and meat were roasted, his hungry customers passed the skewer through a split piece of bread and enjoyed their sandwich, at a very trifling cost.

I made slow way through crowds of brown men and black, keeping as well as possible from the heavily laden donkeys and mules whose panniers threatened every wayfarer's ribs, avoiding the Moors who rode plunging horses through the crowd, the water-carriers with their dripping water-skins and jangling bells, the native women who brought to market bundles of unfortunate fowls tied leg to leg, carried carelessly, and complaining as loudly as they could.

The maimed, the blind, the much-afflicted crowded round me, and once again I told my companion to change a small piece of silver.

He went to one who owned the most-frequented gambling-table in the market, proud possessor of a big pile of native copper coins though the day was yet young.

"Give me change, Hassan," he said; adding, "the true change, all that is due!"

"I will give no more than this," replied scowling Hassan. "Are you a Moor and refuse to help your people? Who is this Kaffir that you should serve him thus? You will turn an Unbeliever next."

In the interests of the public peace I found it best to interfere.

A story-teller had collected a crowd of men and boys in a circle round him and told some unexpurgated love-story with great unction and no little histrionic skill. Over a heap of osfal in a far corner of the market a vulture was flying slowly from the great spaces overhead; others were preparing to descend, though before the osfal had been thrown out the sky had been clear.

Some soldiers came from the open country towards the town and forced free way for themselves through the Market-place in unceremonious fashion. How it happened I don't know, but a swarthy Riffian on the path some few yards away resented the procedure, half-a-dozen words passed, one soldier went down as though shot, and the others fell upon the Riffian with the butt-ends of their guns. The unequal fight was of brief duration and may not be described in detail. Suffice it that there was very little life in the body the victorious party dragged to the Kasbah on the hillside.

I could not repress a feeling of disgust, for I know the victim well and he has served me in days past. "Why did they not leave him when they had finished beating him?" I asked my companion, whose startled face expressed a horror that the sight of ten men murdered in cold blood could not have evoked.

"Sir," said my Moor, "I hear a soldier say that man curse the religion. He go to the Kasbah, and never he come out."

"Nonsense!" I said. "Let us go and get him out."

S. L. BENSUSAN.



THROUGH THE CROWD IN THE SOKO.

OPENING OF THE POLO SEASON: VIEWS OF HURLINGHAM.

(See "Small Talk of the Week.")



FRONT OF CLUB-HOUSE.



SIDE OF CLUB-HOUSE AND CONSERVATORY.



ON THE POLO-GROUND.



THE PLAYERS.



TEA ON THE LAWN.



THE LAKE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ORD WOLSELEY has written his reminiscences. They will be in two volumes, and I understand that they will give the great soldier's conclusions and opinions with considerable frankness. Considering the great part Lord Wolseley has played and the affairs of moment in which he has been engaged, it is obvious that the book will be one of historical interest. I believe that no definite arrangements have yet been made for the publication.

The controversy over the Love Letters of Dorothy Osborne ought to do some good. The best comment on the whole subject is that in the *Athenaeum*: "We have great sympathy with the general position that undue use should not be made of any man's text and notes, and that a most reprehensible looseness in this matter has become the almost universal usage. The public spirit of scholars has become such a matter of course that even the formal courtesy of applying for leave to use the materials which another has brought to light has become the rarest exception. It is time that this evil usage was stopped, and Judge Parry has laid the republic of letters under an obligation by his action."

I will mention two cases which have come under my own observation. A journalist intending to write a book on an eminent statesman went through the enormous drudgery of searching through old local newspapers for the events of his hero's early career. He was very successful, and used his materials in a few magazine-articles, intending, when he found time, to return to the investigation and complete it. Another man has now published a complete biography, and has practically employed the whole material collected by the journalist. He has contented himself with sending a note of acknowledgment! I do not know whether the powers of the law can be effectually called in, and should gravely doubt it; but the proceeding is scandalous, all the same, and ought to be made impossible.

There ought also to be a severe check on unauthorised biographies. A famous man dies, and some literary hack thinks of writing a book about him and earning a few pence. He puts letters in the papers asking for documents, and in one way or other contrives to produce a volume. It should be clearly known that no private letters of a dead

man can be used without the sanction of his literary executor, and literary executors should be aware of their responsibility. There are few men who would care to have the letters of their youth published without very careful examination and judgment. I know of a biography prepared in this way which the subject would shudder to read, and yet no check, so far as I know, was imposed on its publication.

If there be one duty above another which literary executors owe to the dead, it is to take care of the manuscripts they leave behind them.

It may be said, and it has been said, that undue strictness in these matters would make book-writing impossible. I do not believe it for a moment. Literary men, as the *Athenaeum* says, are most courteous, as a rule, and largely grant permission to use their researches, with proper acknowledgment and under reasonable safeguards. No more than this ought to be asked.

As might have been expected, the Carlyle controversy has been renewed by the publication of the new Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. It is generally agreed that, as against Froude, the case is made out. "Froude so grievously betrayed the trust placed in him and dealt so cruelly with the reputations both of husband and wife that there was good reason for the task which Mr. Alexander Carlyle has now performed." There is also practical agreement in the conclusion that Mrs. Carlyle was even more trying than her husband, and that the elder Sterling was right when he said to her, "You would be a vast deal more amiable if you were not so damnable clever." And on a third point most people are at one. The Carlysles remained lovers to the end. As for the medical side of the matter, it has been very broadly hinted

that not all the difficulties of the Carlysles have yet been exhibited. I believe that this is untrue, and that the presentation of the case by Sir James Crichton-Browne is complete.

Mr. J. A. Hammerton has put together a book entitled "Stevensoniana." I gather that it is a collection of odds-and-ends about Stevenson, meant to supplement the authorised biography and volumes of letters. It will deal, among other things, with the criticisms of Stevenson's books, and, I am sorry to say, with the very unpleasant controversy raised by Mr. Henley.

O. O.



VISITOR: *A nice little place. The only fault I have to find is that there's no bath-room.*
ROTHENSHEIN: *That's all right; I've only taken it for the thummer.*

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THREE NEW NOVELS—AND A POSTER.

"HAVILAND'S CHUM."
By BERTRAM MITFORD.
(Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

Mr. Bertram Mitford's story is best described—if a cook-shop expression is pardonable—as a six-shilling "ordinary," the commonplace *in excelsis*. The cover of the volume makes the only bid for originality, and, as it is likely to be a source of annoyance to the easily fidgetted, even that is not to be commended. The novel is stodginess itself. In the first part is presented the most innocuous form of school-story—impos., a bully, a stern "head," egg-hunting, poaching, and the rest; in the second, the conventional adventure-story—impis, explorers, and slave-hunters. Not even the reappearance of Haviland's Zulu school-chum as the dreaded King of the Inswani, "the Great, Great One, Mighty Tree" that Crackleth into Sparks, Burner-up of the Sun at Noon, Scorcher-up of the World, serves to raise the narrative above its level of monotony; the most unpractised reader will surely have foreseen the occurrence of something of the kind. "Haviland's Chum" suffers, moreover, from almost unconscious comparison with that admirable adventure-story, "By Sheer Pluck," which it resembles superficially in several points. A most disappointing book, more particularly as Mr. Mitford has specialised in the Zulu.

"NO HERO."
By E. W. HORNUNG.
(Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d.)

Whether an early devotion to a fair woman necessarily implies the playing of Providence in after-life to her irresponsible son is open to doubt, but the widowed Catherine Evers unhesitatingly called to her assistance the dear old bachelor-friend, Captain Clephane, and he no less unhesitatingly traversed Switzerland to save Bob, her only son, from the clutches of a young widow at a Swiss hotel. Limping on crutches—a memento of Spion Kop—the hero from "the Front" drops on the unsuspecting couple, and from Bob, at least, receives a welcome genuine enough to give him a sudden detestation of his mission, which is not modified when he finds the widow not the typical siren he had expected, though not altogether *sans peur et sans reproche*. Then the sport begins. It would be unfair, however, to give in bald outline the story which Mr. Hornung has treated with so happy a pen. Suffice it to say that our Captain is most at fault when he fancies himself most the diplomatist, and that he could congratulate himself on not meeting with his true deserts. Although from its character the story can naturally have but an ephemeral interest, it appeals through its lightness and spontaneity of style.

"PIGS IN CLOVER."
By FRANK DANBY.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

A strange book this—and one that only a woman could write. There are revelations of feminine character, curious franknesses, touches of cynical realism, on which the mere male would never have ventured. And the novel is formless, entirely lacking in balance or constructive skill. We are introduced to men and women who begin to enlist our sympathy, and then fade away into the Ewigkeit; we are puzzled and baffled by a certain crudeness of handling, want of reticence, and a deficiency, too, of that deeper insight that gazes upon human frailty from some eminence, and surveys it with loving pity. There is an absence of all that makes for greatness; and yet, as one lays the book down, one feels that it possesses a certain quality of its own, a power, understanding, keenness of vision that are none too common in these days. The women depicted form only a background, and the authoress has evidently preferred to

regard them as the merest slaves of their passions, toys whom men may sport with, make or break, unconscious creatures who fall prostrate before a handsome face or shapely figure. But the men—and there really are only two, Karl Althaus and his adopted brother Louis—the men arrest and hold us. Karl Althaus, the South African magnate, who has risen from trundling a barrow to the possession of untold wealth—this rough, unlettered, unscrupulous Jew, who, through all his scheming and trickery, has contrived to preserve within him a strain of purest idealism, and is capable of such overwhelming love and devotion—Karl Althaus is a notable study, a creation, a type of a true man who is not unworthy of a place in the Walhalla of fiction. He is of the Ghetto, like Mr. Zangwill's Dreamers; he has the vices of the Ghetto, its lack of basic honesty; but he has also the deep-lying poetic instinct, the vein of romance, of pathos, that has been handed down, undefiled, from the dim and forgotten ages. Jewry has been depicted from many sides and by many pens; few have given us a truer study than this, or a more faithful presentation of a great heart struggling with sordid surroundings and a wretched childhood, of a dogged craving for material success inextricably blent with an instinctive desire for the nobler side of life, of a juggling money-maker who is also a perfect lover. His adopted brother, Louis, the handsome libertine whose soft caress and appealing glance bring every woman to her knees, is less convincing. Frank Danby challenges comparison here with "Bel Ami"; and De Maupassant's scoundrel was at least a man, a fighting animal, with a strong flavour of virility that is lacking in her feeble carpet-knight. It is inexplicable to us that the gifted Joan de Groot should have succumbed so readily before this white-livered rogue; and, if the authoress be a sure guide through the maze of feminine character, men should be thankful for their persistent ignorance! Still, when all is said, we have here a remarkable book, and, for all its errors of taste—and these are many—one that is informed with a certain loftiness of purpose for which the novel-reader may well be grateful.

ON THE TABLE.



FROM THE POSTER BY JOHN HASSALL.

"The Pinch of Prosperity." By Horace Annesley Vachell. (Murray. 6s.)—The author calls this "a study of some twisted lives." He has presented prosperity and poverty side by side, and avoided the tendency to make one character too prominent at the expense of all the others.

"Sporting Yarns Spun Off the Reel." By Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O. (Hutchinson. 6s.)—This book embraces all kinds of sport, from salmon-fishing at Speyside to a Japanese duck-hunt. The yarns are most racy told and are copiously illustrated by "Griff."

"The Ghost." By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Everett. 3s. 6d.)—Another Australian novel from this well-known pen.

"The Flame and the Flood." By Rosamond Langbridge. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)—This is another of the "First Novel" series.

"Ideas of Good and Evil." By W. B. Yeats. (Bullen. 6s.)—The author treats of various subjects in this book, such as "Popular Poetry," "The Philosophy of Shelley's Poetry," and "The Celtic Element in Literature."

"Friends of Yesterday." By A. M. Wilson. (Bullen. 3s. 6d.)—Little sketches of village life.

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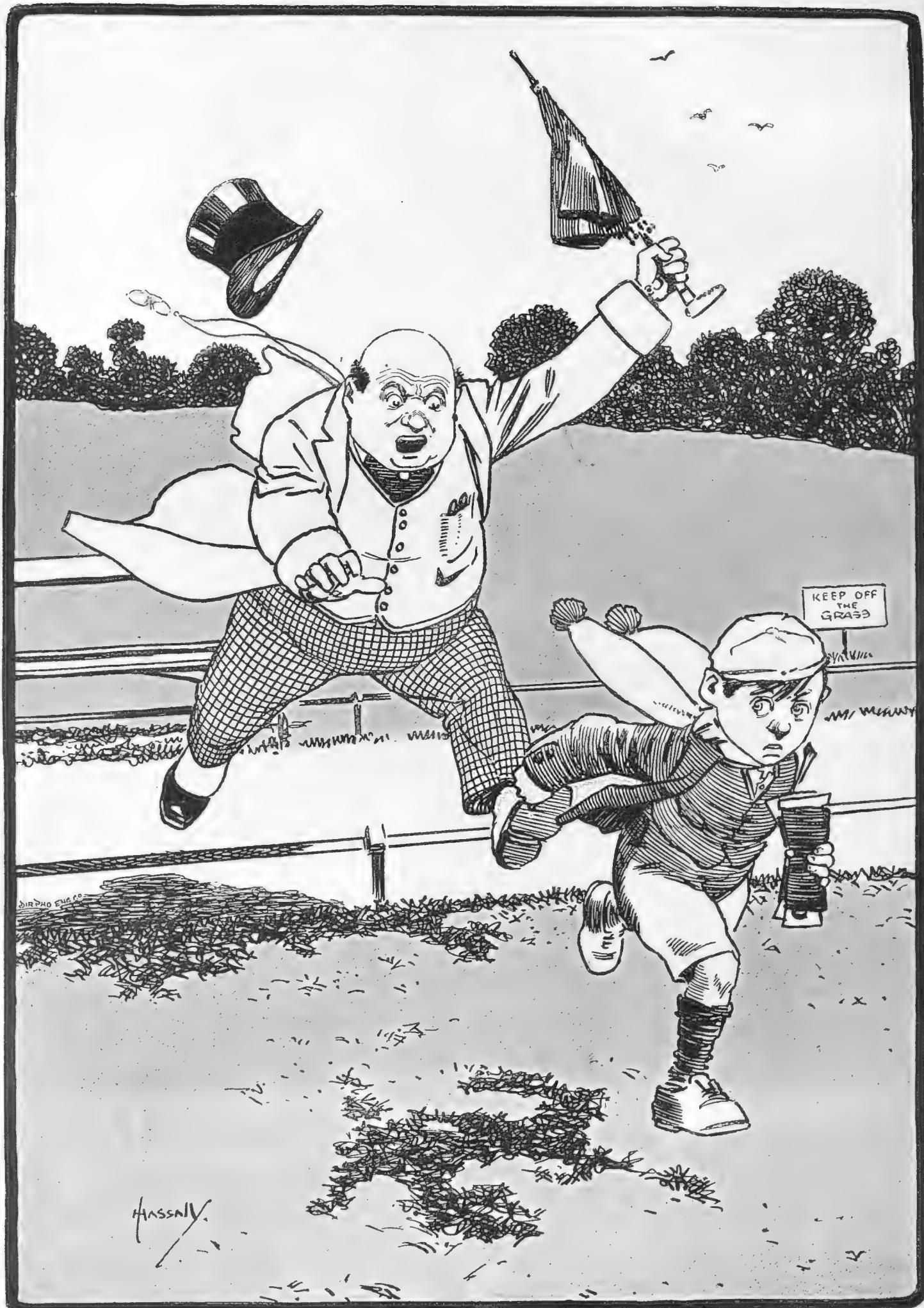
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NEWSPAPER HEADINGS.

AS INTERPRETED BY JOHN HASSALL.



XII.—“RACING NOTES AND ANTICIPATIONS.”

LIFE IN OUR VILLAGE.

BY GUNNING KING.



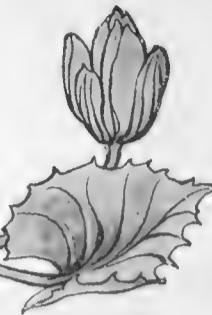
L.—“THE YOUNGEST INHABITANT.”



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

CONCERNING A POET.

By HAROLD OHLSON.



Godfrey Dene leant against the iron fence that fringed the cliff and gazed over the sea. He would have preferred to sit on the top

rail, but the house was not sufficiently far away. Ordinary men might sit on fences; he must always lean gracefully. He was a poet. He had published a book full—as full as the margin would permit—of poetry. It was expensively bound, and the paper of the best quality. It had a book-marker of pink silk ribbon.

It was published at his own expense.

On this sunny afternoon he had wished to sleep in a hammock that a far-seeing hostess had caused to be hung in a shady part of the grounds. But there had come into his mind the horrible thought that Grace Heathcote might discover him. And he slept with his mouth open. He knew it. He had even written a poem about it: how "the poet's heart for ever aches! A random word so often wakes his secret sorrow." Some people thought he had loved and lost. He was really thinking of sleeping with his mouth open.

So he had resisted the temptation, and now he was confident that Miss Heathcote was watching him from the window of her room and wondering what beautiful thoughts were coursing through his brain as he looked over the sea. If he could have seen that young lady—as, of course, under the circumstances, he could not—he would have been less satisfied, for she was reclining on a couch in the solitude of her chamber, in a costume distinctly *négligé*, sound asleep.

Her mouth was not open.

It was at this period of his existence that Godfrey Dene realised that at last the grand passion had come to him. He had, of course, been in love before. His heart had been broken—in several verses—many times. Such experiences are the breath of life to a poet. But now—now!

He straightened himself, and hurled the word over the murmuring sea. His eyes flashed. (He had practised this accomplishment.)

It was a thousand pities Miss Heathcote slept. Only the sea observed that superb gesture—the attitude of a man who turns to meet advancing fate. And the sea was so busy filling the rock-pools and hurrying up the beach so that it might not be late for high-water that it did not notice it.

Presently the sun dropped lower and streamed into his face. He trembled at the thought that it might turn his nose red. So he began to walk slowly back to the house, his eyes bent on the ground. This was his favourite attitude. The poetry that Nature writes he did not read. All his ideas welled from his own heart.

He had said so several times

Before he reached the house he met Mr. Heathcote.

"Hullo, Dene!" said he, "you're the first person I've seen since lunch. Everybody's asleep. Phew! It is hot."

The poet raised his eyes (large, lustrous, and full of fire).

"I have been watching the sea," he said, smiling sadly. He knew how impossible it was for this man to understand him.

"You'll overwork yourself if you're not careful," remarked Mr. Heathcote.

They proceeded to the house together. Mr. Heathcote walked fast. Dene hated walking fast. Besides, perspiration should have no place on that white, lofty forehead.

It was characteristic of Godfrey Dene that he declared his passion while under the influence of a good dinner and the moonlight on the sea. Physical discomfort would have made him postpone it. Wet feet would have driven him from the side of his beloved, to change his boots. He was nervous of a cold. Of the love that reigns supreme on a wet seat in a public park under one umbrella, he had no understanding. He wanted moonlight.

It was also characteristic of Grace Heathcote that she said "No" when she was not sure that she did not mean "Yes." Dene was not impossible when he did not pose. In himself he was good; only he could not forget he was a poet.

Afterwards, when he flung himself into a chair in the smoking-room (the thought came into his mind that so he would be glad to fling his body into the sea, and make Grace Heathcote weep), he felt that life was ended for him. He had decided that before. But there was now a difference. He did not at once begin to compose verses descriptive of his sorrow.

The difference was enormous.

Now it is not to be believed that Godfrey Dene was the fool some people thought him, or the wonderful person he thought himself. As a man seeks strong drink to make him merry, he had sought love to make himself poetical. He had loved love; now he loved a woman. And with the genuine passion came the beginning of manhood in him. He resolved to have his hair cut.

Not at first, but after he had had some conversation with Mrs. Heathcote. He had poured his trouble into her ear. It is only the strong man who suffers in silence. He begged her to use her influence with her daughter—not that he wished an unwilling bride, but that he felt there must be some misapprehension, some hidden reason for her refusal that might be explained away. He could not understand it. But Mrs. Heathcote, although she had a strong desire to see the young people in harmony, declined to interfere. Only she recommended Dene to try again when his hair was shorter. She was not laughing at him, but her advice on all subjects was eminently practical. He gathered that Grace had fantastic notions about men (here Mrs. Heathcote smiled), and that the ability to shoot an elephant or ride a horse that had conscientious objections to the process would appeal to her more strongly than the most beautiful verses.

"The fact is, my dear Godfrey," she said, "Grace has an ideal man. She has dug him out of books."

"Which books?" inquired Dene, eagerly.

"Works of fiction," said Mrs. Heathcote, "dealing with ideal men."

He went to bed very sorrowful, but with the determination to note the contents of Miss Heathcote's library. He deplored the lack of elephants in the neighbourhood.

Next morning he avoided the object of his passion until he saw her leave the house and proceed towards the beach, carrying a book. Then he followed quickly and overtook her, resolved to make a last effort. He asked her pardon for his presence, saying he could not leave her without begging for a little hope on which he might live. It was a very painful subject to Miss Heathcote (she said so), but, privately, she did not deny its fascination. She decided to give him the opportunity of speaking. She was looking charming in her cool, white dress. Dene observed it; it is even possible she was aware of it herself.

"What can I do to make you love me?" cried Dene.

She could make no suggestion.

"I would do anything—brave any danger, endure the greatest hardships—to win your love."

She looked up quickly.

"Would you?" she asked.

Dene thought of Mrs. Heathcote's words on the preceding night.

"Anything!" he cried.

"I—I like you very much, Mr. Dene, but—forgive me if I speak too plainly—I can't—admire you."

At another time such a statement would have been appalling to Dene, but now he scarcely noticed the ruin of the temple he had built round himself.

"What can I do?" he implored again.

She shook her head helplessly.

"Then it's—no good?" he asked.

"I hope you will always think of me as a friend," said Miss Heathcote.

So they parted, Dene walking back alone over the sands. He was determined to do something that would make him a man in her eyes. Of the temple not a stick nor stone remained standing.

As he entered the garden through the door that gave access to the cliffs, he heard voices in the summer-house. The speakers he recognised as Mr. Heathcote and an old sea-captain, a great friend of his, who lived close by. Dene was moving away when his own name caught his ear, and he paused involuntarily.

"Dene?" Mr. Heathcote was saying. "Oh! he's a real good fellow at bottom, but the infernal poetry has spoilt him. He ought to knock about the world a bit."

"Six months before the mast would make a man of him," growled the old Captain.

Then Dene walked away, but before he reached the house his mind was made up. He would make Grace Heathcote love him. He would be made into a man (Alas! poor temple). The old sailor's advice was good.

He would go to sea before the mast for six months.

It must be remembered that he was very much in love; that he thought only of the romantic side of the venture, and had no knowledge of the life he must lead; and that six months is not a very long time.

To which must be added the fact that, when he mentioned his determination to Miss Heathcote, she begged him not to go, saying that she felt sure he could not endure the hardships and privations of such a life.

The next morning he was gone. . . .

In the neighbourhood of the Islands of Bermuda, Nature knows how to manage a hurricane.

The grey sea appeared to boil as the wind whipped the water and made the spindrift fly over it like steam. On the bridge of the little steamer two men clung to the wheel, straining their eyes to see through the thick white mist that came with the rain-squalls. In the engine-room the aching fingers of an anxious engineer never left the iron rim of the throttle-valve. A leap of the screw, a mad race, a jam, a break, and he would never see the little home in the North Country again.

The ship's head fell away, and a great, grey mass of water came thundering over the bulwarks. The light flying-bridge that spanned

the forward well-deck cracked and formed itself into two sides of a triangle. The Captain growled an oath. The two men pulled lustily at the kicking wheel. One was a rough Shetland Islander, profane in his conversation, but in whose hands lay the peace of wives and mothers. The other was Godfrey Dene.

He was learning to write poetry.

A hot sun was streaming down on the white houses of a little port in the island of Cuba. In the shade of a wall a group of soldiers were eating bacon and beans and drinking wine.

A gang of convicts were toiling along the dusty road, their chains jangling. Where the wall of the hospital bounded a narrow street and cast it into shadow, sick men were lying, their helpless limbs stretched out on the hot earth. Among the crowd that hung about the door were other fever-stricken wretches, distinguished only by the blanket that hung from

[DRAWN BY OSCAR WILSON]

"Then it's—no good?" he asked.

"CONCERNING A POET."

their shoulders, waiting until the doctor came to minister to their needs. Sickness and death were striking the last blow at the Spanish rule in the seas over which once it had been supreme.

From a side-door of the hospital a man staggered out into the blinding sunshine. For several weeks he had lain with death at his bedside: death among an alien race, who could speak no word he could understand; surrounded by horrible sights; cut off from all that was sweet, pleasant, and beautiful; a mean, sordid, horrible death. On the sea, he had, at least, been among his own countrymen, rough though they were. But a sick sailor is of no use on a ship; the hospital at the nearest port is the place for him.

Godfrey Dene had never been a coward. To save a life he would



have risked his own, especially if anyone were watching him. To win a lady's smile he would have chanced a broken limb, and celebrated it in a ballad. But in that Cuban hospital he had been face to face with a death that has no place in ballads. He would have thanked Fortune—or whatever it may be that orders this strange whirligig of a world—for the death of a hero, but now he cursed her for striking him down in that plague-stricken island.

He did not recognise the pains that same jade, Fortune, was taking with his education. She had long before seen in him a pupil who might do her credit, but only with much whipping.

On a grey February morning, Grace Heathcote was struggling against a furious wind that tore along the cliffs, beating down the long, rank grass and causing the sea to break itself in clouds of spray against the white walls that faced it staunchly. For a time she revelled in the fight, being a vigorous, healthy young woman who had dwelt by the sea all her life and loved it in all its moods. At last, however, she sought the shelter of a deep ravine that cut into the cliff and afforded a steep descent to the beach. Walking a few paces down into a quieter air, the wind tearing over her head, she seated herself on a rocky projection and began to think.

It was seven months since he had gone away, and no word had come to tell of his wanderings. She did not know even the name of the ship on which he had sailed. Sometimes the thought came into her mind that he had not fulfilled his purpose, but still pursued his former lazy life and was ashamed to confess his weakness. She could not trust him, so she did not love him. But, at least, she had not forgotten.

"Miss Heathcote."

She started and looked up. For a moment he was strange to her. A lean, brown-faced man, closely shaven, with cheeks so sunken that the bones stood out in two knobs, over which the brown skin was tightly stretched. Then she knew him.

"You have come home!" she cried. She was not addressing him, but assuring herself.

"That's a good guess," he laughed, and scrambled down the side of the ravine. The old Godfrey Dene had never scrambled. It would have impaired his dignity.

"Where have you been? You're—you're very much altered."

"Oh, knocking about in the world!" he answered, carelessly. "But tell me about yourself."

It seemed a different man who had come back to her on that wild, grey morning from the dreamy-eyed lover who had bidden her "good-bye" in the soft, warm July weather. He would not talk

of himself; formerly few other subjects had any charm for him. Presently, however, she drew from him an account of his wanderings; but there was no word spoken of any reward for his self-sacrifice.

Godfrey Dene had been Mr. Heathcote's guest for several days, and still the question once asked was not repeated. He would not, he told himself, seek her answer until he was more sure that it would be favourable. The impulsive, eager poet had cooled and hardened.

Grace Heathcote began to think of the beautiful women with the great, passionate eyes that he had described to her. (He thought it could, at least, do no harm to his cause.) She began to avoid him. That is to say, if she had not loved him when he went away (and no one, not even herself, could have decided that); she had come to love him now.

But Dene was looking into his heart, and finding there a state of things that surprised him. He was not sure he wanted to marry Grace Heathcote. He had thought that the old passion still lived, only requiring her presence to burn as fiercely as ever. But this it had not done, and he recognised the possibility of another woman reviving it in him. The risk was great, yet he felt himself bound in honour not to go without speaking. But it was so easy to keep silent—so easy to go, and Dene loved to do that which was easy. He began to write verses again, and he knew they were better verses than he used to write. He would be great and sit on Society's lap and be kissed. He liked being kissed. The Heathcotes were not in Society.

With the old, comfortable, lazy life came back the old ways and thoughts, so that, when at last he asked Grace Heathcote to be his wife, she refused him for the second time—not because she did not love him, but because he did not love her. Honour, he told himself, was satisfied. But how was it that he allowed her to find out that he did not love her?

Well?

He published his verses, but not at his own expense. Society petted him for a time. Then he experienced the grand passion for a lady, and ran away with her. But her husband ran the faster and severely chastised the disturber of his domestic peace when he caught him. That made Society laugh. Then he changed his name and fled into the country, where he married a widow lady who experienced the grand passion for him. Report says his wife is kind to him. She admires his poetry immensely, but has been heard to affirm that it is fortunate for him he has a woman with some sense in her head to look after him.

Grace Heathcote married a worthy gentleman deeply interested in commercial matters, but who at no period of his existence had any taste for poetry.

SUNBEAM SONG.

BY MARIE NOËL.

Rosy the east where sunbeams quiver,
Rosy the meadows where daisies shiver;

Forth I steal,

To my flowers I go,

Waiting for me on the earth below.

Golden the noon in the sunbeams' glow,
Golden the meadows where daisies blow;

Swiftly I haste,

To my buds I go,

Opening for thee in the earth below.

Rosy the west where sunbeams quiver,

Rosy the meadows where daisies shiver;

Back I turn,

To my home I go,

Hush! My flowers sleep in the earth below.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



AT the moment of writing a very interesting rumour reaches me. It is to the effect that Sir Henry Irving may have the Lyceum rebuilt for him for acting therein when he returns from his American tour next spring. We shall doubtless know more of this in the course of a day or two, but in the meantime I give what has just reached me, adding that it would indeed be glad tidings if Sir Henry did again have a proper chance at the theatre which for thirty years he made the most renowned in the British Isles, if not in all Europe. Should this rumoured rebuilding project come to pass, the Lyceum will, when the new Strand street, Aldwych, is completed, have a most magnificent frontage, a thing which it has never possessed hitherto.

A few days ago, Sir Henry was to be observed in his own theatre—that is to say, his own theatre that was—meaning the Lyceum. He went there for the purpose of presiding at a private meeting of theatrical managers held to protest against the proposed legislation anent the employment of children on the stage. All the London, suburban, and provincial managers present registered a vow to conspire against this (to them) obnoxious Bill.

One of the principal opponents to this Anti-Infant-Actor Bill (as one may call it) is, of course, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who will to-night (Wednesday) produce at His Majesty's a play which, unlike several of his recent productions, has no children in it. This is "The Gordian Knot," written by Mr. Claude Lowther, who is M.P. for North Cumberland and cousin to the Earl of Lonsdale. He also was, it will be remembered, A.D.C. to Sir Charles Warren in South Africa.

In "The Gordian Knot" Mr. Tree will enact a physically and mentally deformed character, one Roger Martens, a "Jean Mayeux" or "Danny Mann" person, who, in due course, sensationally severs the entanglement into which his benefactor, a certain Vicomte, has been drawn by a fascinating but feline adventuress, who is to be impersonated by Miss Olga Nethersole. You can doubtless guess from the preceding mems why the above-named M.P.'s play is called "The Gordian Knot," also why it was, at first, called "The Friend."

It is, perhaps, fitting that I should add that another "tony" factor in "The Gordian Knot" will be found in the fact that, after the first-night (and for about a week to follow), Mr. Gilbert Hare's part therein will be played by "Mr. James Erskine," who is, it will be remembered, in another "sphere of influence" known as the Earl of Rosslyn. Mr. Gilbert Hare must leave His Majesty's for the aforesaid week in order to fulfil a promise to play Sam Gerridge (his father's famous original part) in Miss Marie Tempest's revival of "Caste" at the Criterion, for her farewell week there starting next Saturday.

At the Criterion Mr. Frank Curzon will, a few weeks hence, produce a new adaptation by Miss Tempest's husband, Mr. Cosmo Stuart Gordon-Lennox. The piece is at present called "The Lash of the Whip."

Next Monday, the 25th inst., will be, perhaps, the busiest play-producing day that has been known for a long

while to dramatic critics, whether of the invited or the paying sort. Here are a few of the new plays booked for that evening: "Margot" (adapted from a work by the late Alphonse Daudet), at the Métropole Theatre, Camberwell; "Arethusa," a new farcical comedy, at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith; "Who's Hamilton?" another farcical production, at the Ealing Theatre (a most comprehensive structure, including a large ball-room and refreshment-rooms); and, finally,

"The Rose of the Riviera," written by Mr. Reginald Bacchus and set to music by Dr. Osmond Carr. This last-named piece is to be tried on the date mentioned at Brighton.

Also next Monday there will be a very important "première" in the provinces, namely, at that historic playhouse the Prince's, Manchester, where will then be tried by Mrs. Constance Stuart's Company an adaptation by Mr. Fred W. Sidney of certain parts of the late Grant Allen's volume, "An African Millionaire." This piece is entitled "Colonel Clay." After a week's Mancunian trial-trip the play will be brought to a London theatre.

There are, of course, not many available theatres in London just now, barring, perhaps, the Avenue, from which Mr. George P. Bancroft's play, "The Little Countess," has just been withdrawn after a fortnight's run.

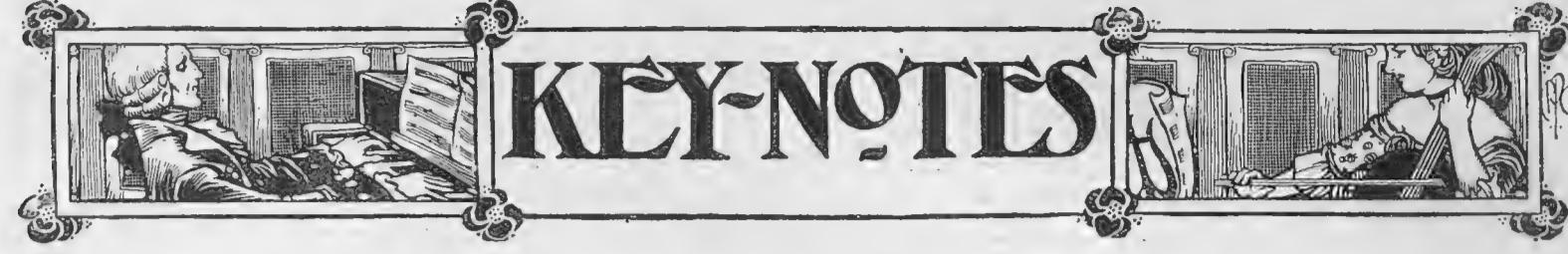
Mr. F. R. Benson sends me some very interesting information—interesting, at least, to all true lovers of the drama. This is that he has selected for his next year's Stratford-on-Avon Festival performances sundry plays hitherto very scarce upon our native stage. These dramas include Æschylus's Trilogy, the "Eumenides," "Agamemnon," and "The Chophoroi," also Christopher Marlowe's great tragedy, "Edward the Second." The Shaksperian novelties for the "Birth Week" celebrations will comprise that delightful comedy-drama, "All's Well that Ends Well" (which was last professionally presented by that great actor-manager, Samuel Phelps); likewise "Henry IV," Parts I. and II., and "Henry VI," Parts I., II., and III. After Mr. Benson's admirable impersonation of Bobadil at the "Birthplace," I am anxious to see his Parolles in "All's Well" and his Jack Cade in the Second Part of "Henry VI."

Mr. George Alexander informs me that, although he has secured another foreign-made play—namely, the highly successful Gallic drama, "Les Affaires sont les Affaires"—yet he will not produce the adaptation of that piece until he returns from his provincial tour, which starts in August and ends next January. Even then he will in all probability first produce the English comedy I mentioned a while ago, namely, "Saturday to Monday," by Messrs. Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce—a play of which Mr. Alexander thinks highly.

The Savoy Company have just started a suburban tour with "A Princess of Kensington." Until next Saturday (the 23rd) they will be at the Crown Theatre, Peckham. Next Monday they open at the Kennington Theatre, after which they proceed, in the order following, to the Borough Theatre, Stratford, the Alexandra, Stoke Newington, and the King's, Hammersmith.



MR. JAMES BLAKELEY AS TUBBY BEDDINGTON IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES.
Photographed for "The Sketch."



KEY-NOTES

THE final performance at Covent Garden of the Second Cycle of Wagner's "Ring" was chiefly noticeable for Madame Ternina's impersonation of Brünnhilde in "Die Götterdämmerung." This artist possesses in a very marked manner that rare combination, brains to understand with and a great voice to sing with. Her every movement, her every phrase, is well thought out, and gives one the impression of so subtle an art as almost to defy criticism. Hers, indeed, is the ideal of what Wagner's Brünnhilde should be. It is true that at times her voice lacks flexibility, but the vocal result is so nearly in accordance with her dramatic conception that at moments it reaches to the very height of tragedy. Herr Kraus was the Siegfried of the performance, and the remaining parts were adequately filled by the singers who took the various parts in that performance. The orchestra, under Herr Richter, once more played wonderfully well. The scenery, too, was in every respect magnificent.



MISS EDITH LANE, WHO MAKES HER DÉBUT AT STEINWAY HALL NEXT FRIDAY.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

reappearance in London at St. James's Hall a few days ago, and, among other things, played Beethoven's Sonata in E-flat. While Mr. Hoffman's playing was marked by great refinement, it cannot be said that he showed any very deep feeling, though his rendering of the second movement of this Sonata was quite good. He also played a Chopin Valse, a Nocturne, and two Studies by the same composer; in these he attained to more success, his style of playing being assuredly more suitable to the Polish Master's works. Works by Brahms, Liszt, Tschaikowsky, Rubinstein, and Moszkowski were also set down for the afternoon.

Last week, Miss Marie Hall gave a further concert at the St. James's Hall, the very large attendance proving what a popular artist she has become. Miss Hall certainly—and the fact may be stated unhesitatingly—did not display any really great breadth of feeling in her playing, though her technique was, as usual, almost flawless. She played Brahms's Sonata in D Minor for violin and pianoforte, and in a Trio by Sir Hubert Parry for piano, violin, and cello; but we cannot think that she reached perfection in either of these works. Herr Gottfried Galston and Mr. Percy Such were her fellow-artists in this latter work. Mr. Plunket Greene, the vocalist of the evening, sang well, but he occasionally is inclined to run beyond ordinary sentiment, and even to trench upon the provinces of exaggeration—exaggeration, that is, in sentiment and in vigour of production. Violence is never fortunate in expressing any sort of creative art.

The Chaplin Trio appeared during the week at the Steinway Hall, playing, amongst other pieces, the work of that sad enthusiast, Emile Bernard, his Trio in A Major. Bernard's music is interesting, though this composition cannot be called a great work. At times he recalls the great Masters; but it is on so limited a scale that it is impossible to rank him among the immortal artists of the world.

Great interest was naturally taken in the idea of the first production in England of Mr. Edward MacDowell's Concerto (No. 2) for pianoforte and orchestra, the solo part of which was taken by the composer himself. The work having been announced to be given at the recent Philharmonic Concert, it cannot be dealt with now in any detail; but

it may be said that Mr. MacDowell is an artist who is extremely well known in America, and is spoken of in the highest terms by all the very first musical critics of that country. As a matter of fact, "Common Chord" has already received a communication from Mr. Philip Hale drawing attention to Mr. MacDowell's work. It is to be hoped that more of this musician's compositions will be heard in London during the next season.

By the time these lines appear the new comic opera at the Shaftesbury Theatre will have been produced. The music is by Mr. W. Marion Cook, a "negro musician" with very decided ideas on all things musical. In the course of a very interesting talk which a critic has had with this gentleman, Mr. Cook said, in no uncertain manner, that to his mind the coloured man's music will triumph over the white man's, and will be in the foremost rank of things long after the white race has been superseded—an amazing claim! This we naturally must beg leave to doubt; but Mr. Cook has very strong and firm opinions on the matter, and, though he does not pretend that he himself is going to accomplish this wonderful feat, he contends that the rhythm of negro music will in the end grow to be without doubt the music of the future, and conquer the more dreamy sentiment of the white man.

COMMON CHORD.

Miss Edith Lane, who makes her début at Steinway Hall next Friday afternoon (May 22), has had the advantage of studying for her profession under the direction of two of the best teachers in the musical world, Gustave Garcia and Miss Anna Williams. She is the fortunate possessor of a rich contralto voice and her many friends confidently anticipate a bright future for her.

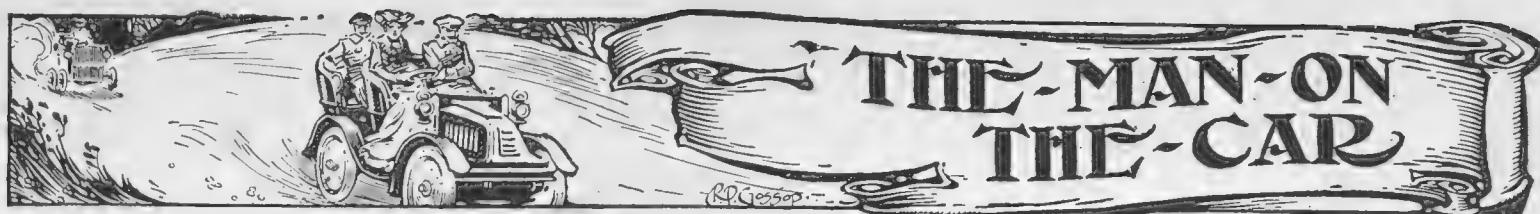
Fräulein Olive Fremstad, who has undertaken the rôle of Fricka with such distinction in the recent Cycles of the "Ring" at Covent Garden, is a native of Stockholm. When a child she appeared in the principal towns of Norway as a wonderful infant pianist, but her true vocation has proved to be that of operatic singer. At twelve she went to America, and the year 1896 found her so eminent in her profession that she appeared at Bayreuth. For three years she was the principal mezzo-soprano at Munich, where her splendidly original performance of Carmen made her the idol of that artistic city. Fräulein Fremstad has also achieved extraordinary success as Amneris and Mignon; and in Venus, Brangäne, Ortrud, and other Wagnerian rôles she has proved her vocal and dramatic talent. She created the part

of the passionate Countess in Miss Ethel Smyth's "Der Wald," and her impersonation and singing alike will always be memorable to those who had the good fortune to hear her. It is not improbable that she will be heard again in the same rôle during the present season at Covent Garden. Fräulein Fremstad studied singing under Madame Lilli Lehmann.



FRAULEIN OLIVE FREMSTAD AS FRICKA.

Photograph by Gebrüder Lütz, Munich.



Miss Dorothy Levitt—The Latest Novelty—"Made in America"—Expenses—A Record Non-Stop Run.

At last, a lady, and a young lady at that, has dared to drive a car in a public trial. Many have appeared in this country and on the Continent at the wheel in pleasure-drives and Club-runs, but it has remained for Miss Dorothy E. Levitt to take the helm of an automobile in a public competition. This was in the two days' Glasgow-Leeds-London reliability trials promoted by the Scottish Automobile Club last week, the Honorary President of which is the Hon. the Lord Provost of Glasgow, and which owns as a hard-working Committee-man the Right Hon. Sir J. H. A. Macdonald, K.C.B., the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland. I am unable at the moment to say how Miss Levitt and her 12 horse-power Gladiator car fared on the two days' run from Glasgow, but, as she drove the carriage from London North and came through quite successfully, I have no doubt that she has acquitted herself well on the return trip. It is no baby automobile that she handles with such skill, but a full-sized vehicle. I have no doubt that Miss Levitt's example will soon be largely followed by many ladies with a taste for automobilism, for it is certain that the conduct of a car is much more easily acquired than that of horses with wills of their own.

The latest novelty in the way of electric-carriges, and one which, no doubt, will be widely appreciated, is a brougham which can be either mechanically propelled or drawn by horses, and which, in either instance, makes a remarkably handsome and graceful carriage. The idea of the constructors is to provide a carriage for people who have no charging facilities in the country but who desire a smart electric-carrige for town work. Apart from the double use, the design and appearance of the carriage mark a great advance, since the clumsy and heavy appearance which characterises so many of the broughams and landalettes now seen on the streets is entirely absent. The batteries are carried on patent non-vibrating frames under the driver's seat, and it is claimed that a distance of sixty miles can be run on one charge and that the carriage will climb any hill. Several types of these carriages, landalettes, phaetons, victorias, &c., either

for the double use or for electric propulsion only, are now being constructed by "The Anti-Vibrator, Limited," of Croydon, who are also equipping a large garage in Carlyle Square, S.W. The appearance and workmanship of the several carriages leave little to be desired. One may mention especially a beautiful little victoria now being put on the market. It is particularly gratifying to learn that all these carriages are entirely of English make.

Why is it that when an Englishman goes to the States he is persuaded, frequently against his better judgment, that everything American is the best? He frequently lives to see his error. I was shown a motor-car which was brought only the other day from the States, and which its owner must have purchased when labouring under some hallucination that England could produce nothing like it. England could if it wanted to, but it doesn't, and the owner of this very precious carriage has now realised why. The thing resembled in body nothing so much as a large go-cart, had a thumping horizontal

engine, and actually drove through a type of the old, long-explored friction-gear. Whatever this car was capable of in America, nothing more than ten miles an hour can be got out of it here, and this, I opine, the makers will set down to our beastly climate. It is lever-steered, like a bath-chair, and the driving-clutch has actually to be held in by pressure upon the steering-handle. The high hopes of its purchaser have been very much dashed since he got it home, for he now will not ride in it himself and finds it almost impossible to give it away.

Very many people are being scared off automobilism by the stories they hear from time to time as to the running-expenses of a motor. I should like to impress them with the fact that, when they are told of extraordinary sums like one shilling and one-and-six per mile, these figures really concern only heavy, luxurious, hard-driven vehicles, and that the bulk of the cost proceeds from tyre deterioration. A friend of mine who owns a light car (12½ cwt. unloaded), and who drives on an average about one hundred and fifty miles per week, has covered no less than three thousand five hundred miles of all sorts and conditions of roads, without any sort of repair being necessary to his car (a 9½ horse-power Clement), while his tyres, which are 30 by 3½ in. Dunlops, look equal to yet double the distance. And this is a car which, to be comfortable, must be driven fast. The heavy running-charges one hears about all proceed from heavy cars which the man of moderate means cannot afford to look at.



A SMART BROUHAM PROPELLED BY ELECTRICITY.



THE SAME CARRIAGE DRAWN BY HORSES.

mud, with a greasy, treacherous surface, and this was experienced during at least three hundred miles of the journey. The car ran beautifully throughout, and at the steering-wheel sat a man whose pluck had already stood him in good stead in more untoward circumstances, when he carried his life in his hands during the three years of his solitary explorations in the wilds of mysterious Tibet and fanatical Western China. The car was the identical one which gained the hundred miles non-stop certificate of the Automobile Club some few days ago, when it was also driven by Captain Deasy. It carried, in addition to Captain Deasy, Mr. H. J. Swindley, of the *Autocar*, official time-keeper of the Automobile Club, and an engineer, with sufficient luggage, petrol, water, and *comestibles de voyage* to be equivalent to a fourth passenger. Absolutely no attempt was made at racing or to pick up time lost through the adverse weather and roads. The car was slowed down in all towns and villages, and every courtesy and consideration was shown throughout to all other users of the road.

After several failures on the part of other cars, it remained for Captain H. H. P. Deasy, late of the 16th Lancers, and his Rochet-Schneider car to score a complete success in endeavouring to drive from London to Glasgow, via Edinburgh, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, in a day, on Sunday, the 10th. Weather and roads could hardly have been worse. It was a wretched morning; a cold wind blew from the North (consequently, a headwind), driving before it a pelting rain; the roads were thick with

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Racing Prospects—The Derby—Manchester Cup—Obituary.

WE had direct evidence at the Kempton Meeting of the popularity of racing in this country, although it cannot be denied that the presence of His Majesty the King accounted for the increase in the attendance. A Clerk of the Course once told me that the attendance of Royalty at a meeting meant an addition of £1000 per day to the takings—a mild estimate, I should say. His Majesty, who, by-the-by, is a paying member of the Kempton Park Club, favours the Sunbury fixture probably because it is so easily get-at-able either from Windsor or London. The King looked the picture of health, and seemingly he took the liveliest interest in the racing. The result of the Jubilee Stakes suited the little punters to a nicety, as they would have nothing but Ypsilanti, who won comfortably from that arch-deceiver Duke of Westminster. The last-named is a good colt when at his best, but he is capable of improvement, and I expect he will win a good race, perhaps at Ascot. The meeting on the Royal Heath this year will be a big reunion. I am sorry that Sceptre is not to go for the Gold Cup, as I feel certain she would have won it easily. Mr. Bass has decided to reserve the mare for the Hardwicke Stakes, so as not to imperil her chance of winning the Eclipse Stakes later on. The recent running of Ypsilanti and Over Norton proves Sceptre to be still a smasher.

As it is notified that His Majesty the King is to honour Epsom Races with his presence on the four days of the Summer Meeting, there is very likely to be a record crowd on the famous Surrey hills. I am afraid speculation on the Derby will freeze up unless M. Blanc decides to save Vinicius for the English Derby. At present, it is, at the best, a two-horse race on paper, and, in my opinion, Rock Sand is bound to beat Vinicius, as the latter is not bred like a Derby-winner. They claim on the other side of the Channel that the French three-year-olds are vastly superior to the English classic performers. I hope Sir D. Cooper will allow Flotsam to go to the post, as the horse is one of the improving sort, and he ran a grand colt in the Newmarket Stakes. He was backed by the public in the winter for the Derby, and it is only right that they should be given a run for their money. John Porter has nothing in his stable good enough to win, and it is even said that he may not find a runner. I take it that Mead will be the best of R. Marsh's lot, as I do not fancy Rabelais a little bit. Lord Wolverton's colt, seemingly, has a will of his own. I am told that Prince Soltykoff expects to win the Oaks with Sun Rose, who was hung up in the start for the One Thousand Guineas.

Of the fifty-two original subscribers to the Manchester Cup, twenty-seven paid forfeit, which does not speak well for the prospects of the race. Many people were waiting for St. Maclou, but the horse

has not accepted, and it may be that he has developed a pain in his temper, the only cure for which is a long rest. Handicapper and Pistol have gone out, and I think both have had enough racing for a time. Of the animals left in, Valve, Bachelor's Button, Cliftonhall, and Syneros have performed well over the course. I think Syneros ought



THE LATE MR. JOHN DAWSON, SENIOR.

to have beaten Rambling Katie last year. The horse is this time to be ridden by Murray, who is apprenticed to Armstrong at Penrith. The boy is one of our most promising young riders. He is smart in getting away and rides a telling race. Syneros is nicely handicapped and he should go close. I am told that Our Lassie is certain to get a place. This filly was tried a certainty for the Lincoln Handicap, but went wrong after arriving on the course and cut up badly in the race. She is said to be one of the smartest horses in Morton's stable, and as he has some of the best trying-tackle in England, he should know what chance the filly has of capturing this valuable prize. Cliftonhall is another hope of the North. He ran fourth for the Lincoln Handicap, finishing just in front of Sceptre. I shall choose Syneros and Our Lassie at present.

Sportsmen heard with regret of the death of Mr. John Dawson senior, the last of the celebrated trainer brothers, which took place at Newmarket on Wednesday last week. Although a Scotchman by birth, Dawson had a typical John Bull face. He was very successful in his profession and trained the winners of the majority of the big handicaps and classic races. Far and away the best horse he trained was Galopin, although Best Man was a useful handicap-horse. Many remember that Fred Archer married a daughter of Mr. John Dawson, who, by-the-by, was left guardian to Fred's only daughter, Nellie. Mr. Dawson, it should be added, was a regular church-goer, and for years was one of the churchwardens of All Saints', Newmarket. The death also took place on the same day of a well-known and highly respected racing official, Mr. Tom Lawley. Deceased began life as a composer, and later on became a prolific contributor to the sporting papers. He afterwards became a racing official, and for years was a highly efficient Judge at the Kempton Park Meeting. Indeed, he assisted the late Mr. S. H. Hyde in establishing the Kempton Park Enclosure. Mr. Lawley was a good judge of form and he often compiled some puzzling selling-race handicaps.

CAPTAIN COE.



SIR DANIEL COOPER'S FLOTSAM, WINNER OF THE NEWMARKET STAKES.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IN a world where life daily becomes more strenuous for man and woman alike, it is a disastrous reflection, if a true one, that the children of women engaged in physical or hard mental labour seldom come into the world physically perfect. This opinion has been lately expressed by a high authority in the art-world, who, moreover, followed his pronouncement with the opinion that "it was never intended women should work hard." But what a depressing field of reflection is opened up thereby! If the days of idle women have gone past and the sex must now work as well as "weep," what added wormwood to the chalice from which they now drink if plain or imperfect children come as the result of our universal struggle for existence! One has so long unconsciously accepted the fact that in every country the upper classes are more delicately and beautifully built than the others, while the working population, *en revanche*, shows broad, rugged, and, generally speaking, plain, that it comes as an unpleasant revelation when some prophet, with a knowledge of human cause and effect, arises in his might and makes pronouncements that knock at our own very front-doors. Must the strain and stress and worry of modern existence, then, threaten us with prematurely precocious and deteriorated generations? Scientists say "Yes," comparing the rosy cheeks and dull wits of Hodge's beefy progeny with the puny and preternaturally "smart" offspring of New York and London slums.

Nowadays, when to do nothing beautifully is the pleasant, picturesque lot of few, this highly strung and striving generation is threatened even with the greater evil of ugly daughters, because their mothers have worked and worried. Altogether, one prefers to be optimistic and disbelieve the depressing scientists. Surely, surely the muscular girl of to-day has at least equal points of merit with the sloping-shouldered, slim-waisted maid of the 'fifties, who fainted at discretion and sometimes fell into a decline over a crossed-love affair. "Nous avons changé—," without doubt. And we shall change, also without doubt, still more, but I really cannot believe into universal

ugliness. Take the figure, for instance: are we not getting back to the Greek standard of beauty since hour glass waists went out and straight-fronted corsets came in? Louis heels have also gone the way of other vanities, banished by exercise and physical training, while now that we are reverting to the plain, practical, but, alack, unbecoming



A BALL-GOWN OF CHIFFON AND LACE.

[Copyright.]

THE "NAPIER" MOTOR-COAT AT MESSRS. FISHER AND SONS'.

short gown in which one can walk with freedom and ease, a third hygienic reform appears with which to combat the ill-effects of that "hard work" which romanticists mislike so greatly.

Again, in our surroundings, whether salon or sitting-room, how much is not sheer beauty considered nowadays! When horsehair sofas were a vogue, women did not work, or drive in hansom, or cross a street alone. To-day they read rougher pages of life that were all unknown to their great-aunts, but the volume itself is most decoratively bound, and for a Venetian vase, or a flower-laden dinner-table, or a satin-covered *duvet*, who shall say we have not reason to be thankful?

In this connection the prosaic subject of spring-cleaning pushes itself into notice. We have all undergone it, and our husbands have invoked most heathen mythology through it, but the last and best stage now arrives. Fresh curtains grace our window-panes, dainty coverings make old chairs into new, and the ingle-nook is exchanged for the verandah. At Hampton's of Pall Mall—which is now, by the way, absorbed into Waring's—particularly charming designs in lace curtains offer themselves for selection, and a neat booklet illustrating newest designs for 1903 is sent by post to applicants. Scotch net, Brussels lace, Swiss embroidered curtains, point Arabe, Cluny, Filet Italian, and the dainty little Brise-Bise, of which we have all become so fond of late, are illustrated, and a selection can easily be made even by those who do not get to town easily. In furniture-coverings Hampton's also prove their taste, many of the chintzes being quite uncommonly pretty, even in this year of pretty chintzes. The printed taffetas which have so



[Copyright.]

greatly come into drawing-room evidence of late are also notably decorative at Hampton's, while changes are rung on cretonnes, printed linens, tapestries, damasks, and brocades, not to mention the humbler cloths and art-serges with which flat or modest villa can be suitably embellished.

One of the most unanswerable arguments in praise of motors has just been expressed by a well-known Viennese tailor, who lays down that in all seasons and weathers fair motorists can dress alike, and yet, when well turned-out, look smart. To dress alike at all seasons does not at first blush recommend itself as desirable, yet it has obvious advantages in a climate like ours. One newly invented garment might head the list, at all events, and that is the long "Napier" motor-coat, which is absolute protection against any pranks of rain or wind yet looks neat and smart at all times. It is fitted with a very high collar, to roll up or down, a flat, close-fitting pelerine, ensuring warmth and shapely shoulders, hanging sleeves so contrived as to draw up at the wrists into a neat band when desired, inner pockets, and other advantages variously. Made up in Harris tweeds, with or without chamois-leather lining, the "Napier" coat deserves well of motorists. It is made by Fisher and Sons, of Regent Street, W., and is worth all the seven or eight guineas asked for it.

SYBIL.

ART IN THE STREET.

A unique association of art and novelty may be noticed in Holborn, in the form of an effective display of specially designed Great Central Railway posters in the street telephone-kiosks. The accompanying illustration gives a good idea of their merits. The posters have been well conceived and artistically executed, and can be as easily seen at night as by day. The idea of acquiring such a novel means of



A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

giving publicity to the many excellent facilities afforded by the Great Central Railway belongs to that Company's enterprising General Manager, Mr. Sam Fay. It is said that the whole of these kiosks throughout London are to be utilised by the Great Central Company for pictorial advertising purposes.

In a recent issue, it was stated by an Edinburgh correspondent that the heating and ventilating arrangements at the new Colinton Mains Fever Hospital had been carried out by Messrs. John Low and Sons. As a matter of fact, the contractors were Messrs. David Lowe and Sons, of Edinburgh and Manchester.

WHITSUN RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

PARIS AND NORMANDY.

The Brighton Railway Company announce that by their Newhaven-Dieppe route to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris, Rouen, and Dieppe will be run from London by the express day service on Saturday, May 30, and also by the express night service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, May 28, 29, 30, and 31. To ensure punctuality, two or more trains and steamers will be run each day as required by the traffic. Cheap return-tickets to Dieppe will be issued on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 29 to June 1, available for return up to the following Wednesday.

THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN COMPANY

announce a number of cheap excursions for the Whitsuntide holidays: On Thursday, May 28, to Dublin, Greenore, Belfast, Achill, Ardglass, Armagh, Ballina, Bray, and many other places in Ireland, to return within sixteen days. On Friday, May 29, to Abergele, Aberdovey, Aberystwyth, Amlwch, Bangor, Barmouth, Bettws-y-Coed, Birkenhead, Borth, Builth Wells, Carnarvon, Chester, Church Stretton, Colwyn Bay, Conway, Corwen, Craven Arms, Criccieth, Denbigh, Dolgellau, Harlech, &c., for four, eight, eleven, and fifteen days; to Abergavenny, Brynmawr, Carmarthen, Dowlais, Llandilo, Llandovery, &c., for four or eight days; and to Ashbourne, Birkenhead, Burton, Buxton, Chester, Derby, Leicester, Lichfield, North Staffordshire stations, Thorpe Cloud (for Dove Dale), Whitchurch, &c., for four, six, and eight days. On Friday night, May 29, to the North and Scotland, returning on June 5 or within sixteen days, and to Liverpool, Blackpool, Southport, Fleetwood, Lancaster, Morecambe, the English Lake District, the Furness Line stations, Douglas (Isle of Man), &c., for three, seven, ten, or fourteen days. On Saturday various cheap trains will be run, and many other facilities are also provided for holiday-makers during the Whitsun week.

THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

issue excursion tickets to Paris via Southampton, available for fourteen days or less, on May 28, 29, and 30. Cheap tickets will also be issued to Havre on May 29 and 30, Cherbourg on May 30, St. Malo on May 29, and Guernsey and Jersey on May 29. Numerous excursions will leave London (Waterloo) and certain suburban stations on Friday (morning), May 29, and Saturday, May 30, for the various stations on their system. On May 29 and 30 the principal express trains to Weymouth, Bournemouth, Southampton, Portsmouth, &c., will be run in duplicate. Additional facilities are likewise afforded for passengers from London to the Isle of Wight, full particulars of which are given in the Company's programmes.

For the Epsom Races, the Derby and Oaks, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company are making special arrangements to despatch trains at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to their station near the Grand Stand. Passengers will be booked through from Kensington (Addison Road) Station by direct trains, and by others changing at Clapham Junction into the Victoria trains to the Epsom Downs Station. Through tickets via London Bridge will be issued from all stations on the City and South London Electric Railway, also from the principal stations on the London and North-Western, Great Western, Great Northern, Great Central, and Midland Railways. Special trains will be run to the Epsom Town Station from Victoria and London Bridge, and passengers will also be booked through by trains from Liverpool Street, Whitechapel, and East London Line stations, and from Kensington.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway have made elaborate preparations for the Epsom Summer Races. On each day from the 26th to the 29th May inclusive a special service of trains will be run from Charing Cross, Waterloo, St. Paul's, Cannon Street, and London Bridge to Tattenham Corner Station, and *vice versa*. Tattenham Corner Station is within five minutes' walk of the Grand Stand. The last special train will leave Charing Cross at 1.30 p.m. Two additional direct trains (first-class only) will leave Charing Cross at 11.20 a.m. and 12 noon, returning from Tattenham Corner at 5.20 and 5.30 p.m. Fast trains will leave Tattenham Corner at 4, 4.25, and 4.50 p.m. for London Bridge, Waterloo, and Charing Cross, and also at frequent intervals after the races for London Bridge, Cannon Street, St. Paul's, Waterloo, and Charing Cross.

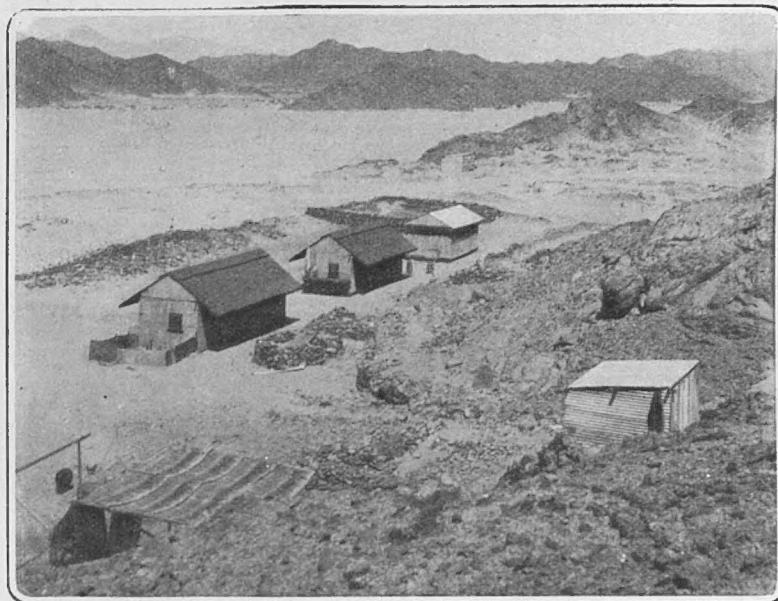
The New Palace Steamers, Limited.—As in previous years, so on the coming Whit-Saturday, the 30th inst., the popular passenger-steamers *Royal Sovereign* and *Koh-i-noor*, belonging to the above Company, will commence their sailings from London Bridge (Old Swan Pier) to Southend, Margate, and Ramsgate, at same times of sailing as last year, namely, *Koh-i-noor* at 8.50 a.m., for Southend and Margate and back, and *Royal Sovereign* at 9.20 a.m., for Margate and Ramsgate and back. The fares will also be the same as before. The Company announce that during the past winter months the steamers have been thoroughly overhauled and all the Board of Trade requirements have been complied with and improvements made, so that the public may rest assured that everything possible has been arranged for their comfort.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 26.

THE LOAN AND AFTER.

THE enormous subscription which was the public response to the Transvaal Loan placed the Bank of England in a very invidious position. A large number of applicants must be disappointed whatever was done, and the only question which remained to be solved was, who should be the disappointed ones? On the whole, although the brokers and the Joint-Stock Banks are very irate, in



THE UM RUS MINES, FIVE MILES FROM THE RED SEA.

Photograph lent by the Egyptian Mines Exploration Company, Limited.

allotting to no applicant for less than £2000 a reasonable working arrangement was arrived at. There were "stags" among all descriptions of applicants; in fact, every applicant was probably in a sort of way a "stag," so that, after all, no substantial injustice has been done. It is, no doubt, very annoying to a broker, who has sent out two or three hundred application-forms to his clients, to find that 90 per cent. of them have got nothing, and that therefore his brokerage will hardly pay for the postage-stamps, and the same is true of the country banker, but any solution of the problem would have created an equal amount of unpleasantness. City opinion seems about equally divided, for while the first man you meet says, "The allotment is a perfect scandal, and merely the last nail in the coffin of this miserable Government," the next only regrets that the sound principle of a uniform percentage was in any way departed from.

GOLD-MINING IN EGYPT.

We think we can fairly lay claim to have been the first newspaper which called attention to the possible chance of Egypt as a gold-producing country. This must have been more than three years ago, when the Victoria Investment Corporation was equipping an expedition. The output of gold has, so far, not been prodigious—some few thousand pounds, at the outside—and we are not aware that there is at the moment a single battery running. It cannot therefore be said that the thing has been rushed. Had the reefs which have been found in Egypt been located in Australia or South Africa, we should, long before this, have had hundreds of Companies, dozens of stamp-batteries, and probably a very considerable gold output. Mr. Alford, Messrs. John Taylor and Sons, and the other engineers who have been prospecting, are very confident in a quiet sort of way. The Report of the "John Taylor" Company, as the "House" calls the Egyptian Mining Company, was magnificent. Taylor's engineers have found payable reefs everywhere. The Nile Valley, before they were drowned out by water, were getting some hundreds of ounces a week, and at Um Rus the Egyptian Mines Exploration Company have sunk 300 feet upon a payable reef going 24 dwt. Reports from the Egypt and Soudan Minerals are glowing, and we hear of reefs in Hegatti, miles long, of fabulous wealth. The Central Egypt is at work upon Fowakhir, and latest reports are good—big reefs and a large area of ancient workings. We do not know what the Nile Goldfields is doing, but it is said they are "all right." The "House" took up the shares for a month or two, and played at booming them, but the only result was a very severe reprimand from Lord Cromer, who is not anxious to see Cairo become a second Johannesburg. The idea of Lord Cromer intervening to save the City has its humorous points. He may have stopped a few stock-jobbers from making a market in Block E, and the promoters may feel sore. He may, and probably has, stopped Mr. Robinson from taking a hand in the deal, but, granting all this, he has set a bad precedent. There is gold in Egypt, and the less officials have to do with the way it is won the better. It is quite outside the province of any Minister, in our opinion, to say what capital a Company may have or what profit this or that promoter may make. It leads to false

security, and induces the public to say, "Oh, this is all right—Lord Cromer has passed it!" and they buy shares on the strength of such implied recognition. Nothing can be more dangerous. A Company should stand or fall by the value of its reefs: if they are good, the gamblers in gold-mining shares will buy them; if they are bad, no amount of Government sanction will be of any avail.

GRAND TRUNKS ON THEIR MERITS.

Revival of speculative activity in the Grand Trunk Market is largely due to the pronounced uneasiness of the bears. This is especially the case in the two most junior stocks, for the Second Preference commands rather a bull following, and in the First Preference stock there exists practically no speculative position at all. The rise is being fostered by hopes of what the monthly statements will disclose in the way of increased receipts after the next has been published. A poor return for April is already discounted in the market view, which looks ahead and says that, when once these figures are out of the way, the undue prominence of coal charges will cease to act as a drag any longer. With this view we are certainly in accord, but it scarcely justifies the further statement that Trunk Thirds must assuredly receive a 3 per cent. dividend for the current twelve-month, and that the price of the stock is therefore worth 60 as a minimum. At their present price of some ten points lower than this optimistic anticipation, Trunk Thirds appear to be fully valued, and the Ordinary has only a far-away sentimental interest in earnings to make it rank in the Twenties. The Second Preference, as we have all along contended, is fairly entitled to stand at par, and, with a retention of popular favour, it will very likely rise to 105, while 115 to 120 represents the outside worth of the Grand Trunk First Preference under current conditions.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

The Stroller had just been booking Military Tournament seats for a large party, and he felt the need of relaxation. Wherefore he bent his steps—how a man can bend his steps we could never quite understand—in the direction of the Stock Exchange.

Two men were standing outside the Bank of England, and talking with some vehemence. As The Stroller stooped to tie his boot-lace, one exclaimed—

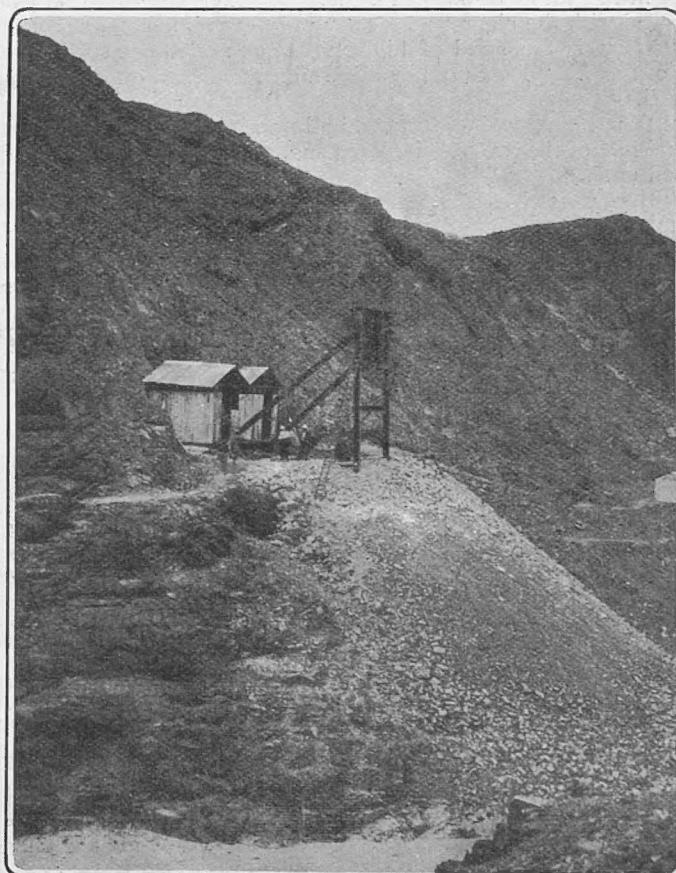
"But think, my dear man, of the work we should have had in opening forty or fifty thousand new accounts in our books! Why—"

"Work be hanged!" retorted the other, testily. "The Bank is well paid for it, and so are you fellows inside. I don't see that the amount of labour involved has anything whatever to do with the point. The small investor has been absolutely ignored, and the Government will have to pay for it at the polls. Of that I'm certain."

"Fine old crusted Radical, aren't you?" cried the first speaker, scornfully. "Haven't I just admitted that the Bank and the Government made a mistake of policy? But it will all be forgotten long before you and I are dead and buried."

"Your arguments are on a par with your taste, and you swap horses in the midst of a—"

"Oh, drop it, and—"



THE UM RUS MINE-SHAFT.

Photograph lent by the Egyptian Mines Exploration Company, Limited.

"I beg your pardon," apologised The Stroller. He had picked himself up rather hurriedly and caused the alleged Radical to drop the pipe which that politician had been smoking.

He sauntered into Throgmorton Street and looked in at Goodwyn's to see if his broker was having his usual soda-and-water.

"Aha! thought I should find you," he said, spotting his quarry through the dense cloud of cigar and cigarette smoke.

"Come along, come along!" shouted the man of the House, dragging his client into the circle. "We were just discussing the probable attitude of the public to the Kaffir Market. Say when."

"Who! That's more than my usual dose. Another ten thousand a-year to you," and the glasses clinked, foot of the one to the brim of the other, and then back again.

"My argument is that the average outsider is too thoroughly sickened with the Kaffir Circus to have anything more to do with it," remarked a burly, long-bearded man who was drinking through a straw.

"And I say," put in another man, "that the public know a good thing when they see it, and will buy Kaffirs directly prices go really cheap."

"Who's going to decide what you mean by 'really cheap'?" demanded a third.

"You mean comparatively cheap, don't you?" asked The Stroller's broker.

"Yes, of course. Supposing, for instance, that Rand Mines slumped to 9½, East Rands and Goldfields to 6½, and that kind of thing, I believe you'd see the public come in."

"I don't know. The lower they go, the more anxious do people get about them and the more ready are they to sell."

"As a member of the public, what do you feel inclined to do now?" asked one of the group.

The Stroller thoughtfully considered the smoke from his cigar. "I come here," he said, with a little laugh, "to gather information, and I am promptly put into the witness-box to give it."

"Shouldn't tell 'em if I were you," advised his broker. "Inquisitive lot of beggars, aren't they?"

But our friend laughed again, and said he feared his views were not of much value. "And I should be rather inclined to buy Kaffirs," he announced.

"And I shouldn't let you, just yet," declared his financial guide. "Because we shall see them lower yet, and then you can have them."

"That's how he encourages our business!" remarked one of the others, with a fine pretence at scowling. "All the same, I am afraid you're right."

"Good heavens! Why don't they settle the labour questions?" And he of the long beard struck the table till the glasses fairly danced.

"So they will—by the introduction of Asiatics. And then up they'll go!"—and he spun a sovereign in the air in joyful anticipatory illustration.

"Thanks, that's the one you owe me!" remarked his next-door neighbour, catching the coin. "Good-night, gentlemen all. Please pay for me."

The Stroller was not sorry to get into fresher air once more.

"I'll come up to your office later on," he said when his friend rejoined him. "I am going in here to get my daughter some cigarettes. She won't smoke any but cork-tipped, and those look good in there."

A little knot of Rhodesian dealers attracted his attention when he emerged with the cigarettes. They were grumbling to a man.

"What is the good of big returns and record outputs?" groaned one of them. "Prices only go down on them, and on everything else as well."

"D'you want a ringing good bull tip?" inquired a soft voice from the middle of the group. Nobody answered, but the ring perceptibly closed up.

"Buy yourselves Chartered." The ring opened again and the language used was impolite.

"Until you are as black in the face as you are in the heart," and the insulted tipster strode away, without honour in his own country.

"He's not far out, you know," ventured one of those left behind.

"I believe he's right," came a suggestion from another quarter.

"And Rhodesia Explorations are all serene."

Whereupon the talk naturally drifted to the Derby, and The Stroller sought his broker's office up aloft.

Saturday, May 16, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

A. W.—Both the people whose circulars you send us are bucket-shop keepers, and we strongly urge you not to deal with them. Do you think they carry on business for purely philanthropic motives? If they don't charge commission, they must make a living somehow, and you may be sure that you are made to pay, indirectly, far more than any honest broker charges openly.

DOUBTFUL.—Randfonteins are a very good speculation. The question of a dividend is so mixed up with the labour problem that it would be absurd to prophesy. If the mine and its subsidiaries could be worked full-handed, there would be every prospect of a speedy dividend, but at present we see no chance of such a fortunate result.

A. P. AND S.—The following may suit you: (1) Neuchatel Asphalte Ordinary, (2) United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. Debentures, (3) C. A. Pearson, Limited, 5½ per cent. Preference shares, (4) Bank of Egypt. The result will be about 6 per cent. on your money, with risks well spread and by no means great.

REGULAR READER.—If the Kaffir Market improved, the shares would easily regain your price. They are a fair speculation and will probably pay a dividend, but they are not, in our opinion, a desirable investment to sleep upon.

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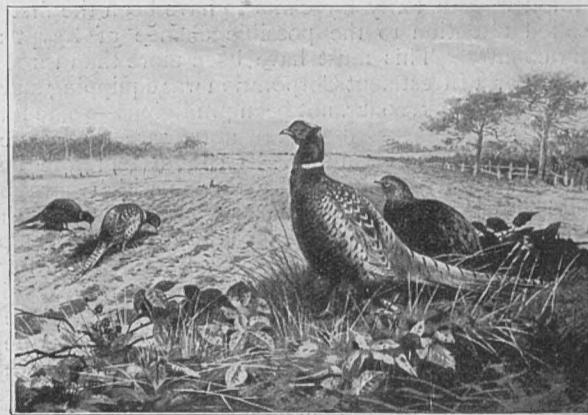


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